

WITH THE RED CROSS IN FRANCE

February 1917

7<sup>d</sup>.net

# *The* QUIVER



HOW ARE YOU?



WHY DON'T YOU TAKE  
**Beecham's Pills.**

Pat 1419 & 95



NEXT TO A GOOD 'SCRAP' THERE  
IS NOTHING TOMMY ENJOYS SO  
MUCH AS A GOOD WASH WITH

# WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

*(The Soldiers' Soap)*

In United Kingdom, 4d. per Tablet.

In Australia, Canada India and British Colonies, 6d. per Tablet.



## Home Billiards!

For empty Winter evenings introduce a  
**Riley Billiard Table**  
 into your home.

*You play as you pay—and Seven Days' Free Trial Guarantees your satisfaction*

IN the vacant hours from dinner to bedtime—it's then that the young people feel the boredom of doing nothing—then's the time to bring out the "Riley," and in a trice you've got them so fascinated they'll never think of looking outdoors for amusement.

Fascinating?—well, everyone seems to want a hand in it at once: and there's one thing about Riley's Home Billiards—everyone, from ten-year-old Tommy to grandfather, can easily become skilful on a Riley's Billiard Table. And even the expert player finds that so well-finished and well-proportioned are Riley's Tables that on the smallest size one can make the most delicate run-through stroke or long pot, and every stroke with the same nicety as on a full-size table.

Riley's no-trouble way to pay

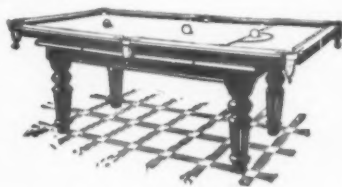
**8/6**  
down

instalments of **8s. 6d.**

Send 8/6 postal order to us this evening, and within a few days the **£3 15s. 0d.** size RILEY MINIATURE TABLE (the most popular size) will be dispatched, carriage paid (no charge for packages), to any address in the United Kingdom within a mile of a Railway Station. The remainder you pay in fourteen monthly payments.

Cash prices are as follows:—

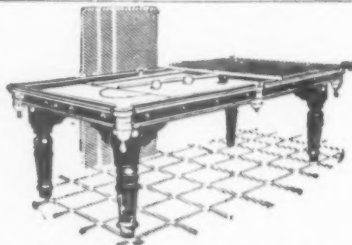
Size 4ft. 4in. by 2ft. 4in. ...	£3 15 0	Or in	5/6
" 5ft. 4in. by 2ft. 10in. ...	4 15 0	15	7/-
" 6ft. 4in. by 3ft. 4in. ...	5 15 0	monthly	8/6
" 7ft. 4in. by 3ft. 10in. ...	7 15 0	payments	11/6
" 8ft. 4in. by 4ft. 4in. ...	10 15 0	of	16/-



*Riley Miniature Billiard Table shown resting on ordinary Table.*

### RILEY'S MINIATURE BILLIARD TABLE

fits securely on any dining table. Solid mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystal balls, and all accessories included.



*Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Table.*

### RILEY'S "COMBINE" BILLIARD AND DINING TABLE.

Handsome as a dining table and perfect as a Billiard Table. Solid mahogany; low frost-proof rubber cushions; best slate bed; patent automatic raising and lowering action. Dining-table top of polished oak or mahogany.

Cash prices are:—

Size 5 ft. 4 in. by 2 ft. 10 in. ...	£13 10 0
" 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. ...	15 0 0
" 7 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 10 in. ...	18 10 0
" 8 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 4 in. ...	24 10 0
" 9 ft. 4 in. by 4 ft. 10 in. ...	32 0 0

Or in 13 or 18 monthly payments.

### Seven Days' Free Trial

Couldn't be a better guarantee of satisfaction than Riley's promise to accept the Table back if after seven days' trial you are dissatisfied. Send first instalment at once and make this test quite free.

**FREE**

on receipt of post card full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables.

**E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Brandon Works, ACCRINGTON.**

London Showrooms: 147 Aldersgate Street, E.C.





"BLIGHTY'S BEST"



Always on Active Service



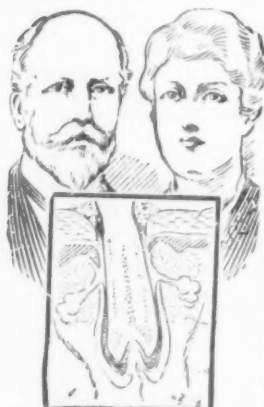
# 1,000,000 GREY HAIR TREATMENTS FREE!

## LONDON HAIR SPECIALIST'S WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

### New Scientific Formula which Overcomes the Need for Dyes and Stains.

A STARTLING announcement is made to-day, which concerns every reader whose hair is Grey, White, or beginning to lose its natural colour. It is nothing less than a personal invitation to try a most successful *natural* remedy, absolutely free of cost or obligation.

At no cost to yourself, you can immediately commence to banish that appearance of premature age which you must so often have felt to be almost a stigma upon your good looks and upon your capabilities.



Grey hair undoubtedly adds from ten to twenty years to the appearance of "Aunt," a natural scientific remedy, which you may test free, will enable you to regain the hair of advanced years.

#### WONDERFUL POWERS OF THE NEW DISCOVERY.

The remarkable discovery—"Astol," as it is called—which you are thus invited to test in the privacy and convenience of your own home, is the achievement of a well known London Hair

Specialist—none other than Mr. Edwards, whose "Harlene Hair-Drill" has already achieved a world-wide popularity.

"Astol" is practically colourless. It does not stain the scalp or discolour the fingers. It does not dye or stain the hair in the smallest degree. It is clear, pleasant, and easy to use. The action of "Astol" on the hair is precisely that of a powerful fertiliser on a drooping and faded plant.

#### A DAY-BY-DAY REVIVAL.

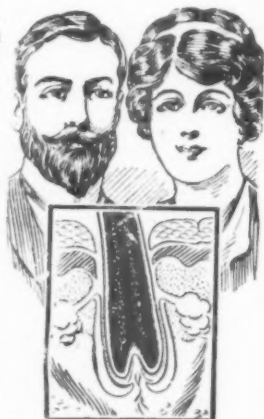
You simply apply "Astol" to your hair as directed. In a few days it will have penetrated right to the roots of each separate hair *below the surface of the*

scalp. At the same time you will begin to notice the natural shade that once made your hair so attractive creeping back to the actual hair shaft, like the faint blush of the years that are gone.

Gradually this "blush" becomes deeper and deeper. Day by day your stricken hairs regain a multiplied quantity of their lost colour until finally you can look into your mirror and behold yourself apparently years and years younger, more attractive and more vivacious in expression—your hair once more made beautiful by the play of light and shade upon your hair, just as when you were many years younger.

Simply post the coupon below, and by return you will receive:

1. A free bottle of "Astol," the wonderful scientific discovery that literally forces the natural colouring cells of the hair to new healthy activity.
2. A packet of Cremex Shampoo Powder, which prepares the hair for "Astol."
3. A copy of the famous book, "Good News for the Grey-Haired."



See the wonderful change that even a short use of "Astol" makes to the appearance. Send for your free supply and commence to regain the natural colour of your hair.

Send for this gift now. After you have once seen for yourself the wonderful effect of "Astol" you can always obtain further supplies from any chemist at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. a bottle. "Cremex" in 1s. boxes of seven packets (single 2d. each), or direct post free on remittance from Edwards' Harlene Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and postal orders should be crossed.

### POST this "GIFT OF YOUTH" COUPON

To EDWARDS' HARLENE LTD.,  
20, 22, 24 and 26 Lamb's Conduit Street,  
London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me a free trial "Astol" Outfit, with full particulars how I may restore my grey hair to its former colour. I enclose 4d. stamps for postage to any part of the world. (Foreign stamps accepted.)

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Quiver, Feb., 1927

### FREE



***A Minute to Strop!***

Silver-Plated  
**CLEMAK RAZOR**  
With Stropping handle  
and Seven Blades.

**5/9**

**CLEMAK**  
Stropping  
Machine

(as illustrated)  
Complete with superior  
Velvet Hide Strop.

**4/6**

**IDEAL FOR THE  
TRENCHES**  
Combination Outfit

Containing  
patent automatic  
stropping machine,  
superior Velvet Hide  
strop with CLEMAK &  
seven specially selected  
blades.

**10/6**

OF ALL CUTLERS,  
STORES &c or from the  
**CLEMAK RAZOR CO.**  
17, BILLITER ST. LONDON E.C.

*Write for the  
ClemaK book*

Sole Australian Agents  
W. PLANT & CO SYDNEY.

**CLEMAK**  
**5/9** Safety Razor



***A Moment to Clean!***

The  
Great  
"C" Triumph



## There's no secret— just TATCHO!

It is just as easy for you to possess an abundance of beautiful hair as for the host of ladies who owe their lovely hair to Tatcho.

No need to despair, however thin and poor your hair has become. A friction with Tatcho daily will quickly revive it—restore its “life” and lustre, make it grow.

Just a few drops, well brushed in once daily—that is the whole secret.

Tatcho makes no claim to magical powers. But it does grow hair, and if the testimony of thousands of others does not satisfy you, there is one sure way in which you can be convinced: try it upon your own hair.

# TATCHO

*The* HAIR GROWER

The effect of Tatcho is very soon manifest in the enhanced sheen of the hair and in its general appearance of healthy growth. Tatcho is sold by Chemists and Stores all over the world in bottles at 1s. and 2s. 9d., each bottle bearing the following guarantee:—

*“I guarantee that this preparation is made according to the formula recommended by me.”*

*Geo R Sims*

## THE QUIVER



# I never have Indigestion now

### READ WHY

I used to suffer terribly though—had all the usual symptoms such as  
**Fatulence    Heartburn    Waterbrash**  
**Inflammation    Gastritis    Palpitation, etc.,**

not all at once of course. They came on gradually. At first a feeling of fullness after meals and a flushed face. Later on, dull heavy headaches and wind and waterbrash. I got worse rapidly then—inflammation of the stomach and gastritis. Specialist said it was Chronic Dyspepsia. Told him I had dieted, drugged and exercised—taken pepsin soda, bismuth and many weird mixtures. He advised

## Bisurated Magnesia

—half a teaspoonful in a little water after meals. Said it would neutralize the acid, prevent food fermentation and wind, soothe and heal my inflamed stomach and enable me to again eat hearty meals without resultant pain or discomfort. It did; my trouble was caused by excessive acidity—most forms of stomach trouble are—Bisurated Magnesia neutralizes this harmful acid and thus remedies the trouble. I still take it after my principal meals and I never have indigestion now. Bisurated Magnesia is a form prepared especially for use in cases of digestive or stomach trouble. It is extensively used in hospitals and recommended by many eminent specialists. Under no circumstances must it be confused with the acetates or sulphates of magnesia or common mixtures of bismuth and magnesia.

Ask distinctly for **Bisurated Magnesia**  
*The antacid that cures*

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Inflammation, Gastritis, Wind, etc.

PREPARED BY  
**BISMAG LTD., 7, Wybert St., Munster Sq., London, N.W**



**POWDER FORM.**  
 One Size One Price 3/-  
**TABLET FORM.**  
 Large Flask    2/6  
 Small Flask    1/3  
 Chemists Everywhere.



**Two very special "Jason" Styles:**

**"De Luxe"** Plain Cashmere stocking—all wool—Lacetti, strengthened with specially twisted thread in ankle, toe, heel and foot. In Black, Tan, Navy, Nigger Brown, Tans, Galberline Grey, and Khaki. . . . . at Open-work ditto at **2/6**. No stocking on the market can equal this delightful production.

**"Elite"** Stocking—finest woven—plain mercerised sole leg, ankle and instep, and all-wool 3 in. double top and specially strengthened wool foot; in Black, White and Champagne. . . . . at Also the same with Open-work Lace at **2/6** per pair. The ideal of comfort, smartness and economy.

## Do you buy Foreign Hose?

Are you unwittingly encouraging imports, to the country's discredit? If you buy unbranded stockings and socks, you probably are; for goods from abroad come without a clue to their identity—whereas you can instantly recognise the greatest British Brand and secure the finest guarantee ever carried by a stocking or sock, when you see the "Jason" Tab.

# "Jason"

ALL UNSHRINKABLE  
WOOL

### Quality Stockings and Socks for Ladies, Children and Men

are the leading British all-wool brand, manufactured in England by British workpeople from pure Australasian wool—and are the finest, best finished, and most scientifically made stockings and socks in the World—guaranteed unshrinkable.

**"Medea"** is the name given to the companion range, made from other than wool, carrying the same guarantees otherwise as the famous "Jason" Brand.

"Jason" and "Medea" are sold by Outfitters and Drapers everywhere. If any difficulty in obtaining, write

**JASON HOSIERY CO., LEICESTER.**



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One Size One Price 3/-

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Large Flask - 2/6  
Small Flask - 1/3  
Chemists Everywhere.



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Also the same with Open-work Lace at **2/3** per pair

The ideal of comfort, smartness and economy.

## CRIMPOLINE HAIR-CURLING FLUID

Beautiful natural curls or waves produced in a few days without the aid of tongs or pins. Crimpoline will make your hair soft and silky and keep it curly in roughest weather. It is neither greasy nor sticky. When once the hair curls with Crimpoline it always remains curly or wavy with very little attention. Crimpoline cleanses and restores faded or dull hair, and always keeps it fresh and young. It has also the advantage of being a splendid hairdressing. Results will surprise you.

1/9 and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. extra.



## PERALIA

### BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION INSTANTLY

There is no waiting. First application shows a wonderful improvement to the most troublesome complexion. Further applications enhance your beauty still more. The more you use Peralia the more beautiful you become.

If you are already beautiful Peralia will intensify your beauty; moreover, existing beauty is always retained if Peralia is used occasionally. Peralia has wonderful powers, removes Redness, Greasiness, Roughness, Sallowiness, Tan, Freckles, etc. Restores youthful beauty lost through age, illness, or worry. Imparts to faded cheeks a youthful bloom and freshness. Makes the hands and arms soft and white. 1/- and 2/6 a bottle, postage 3d. If your Chemist or Drug Store is out of stock send direct to us; take no substitutes!

PERALIA PERFUMERY CO. (Dept. E.), NORTH SHIELDS, ENGLAND.



### AT BREAKFAST TIME

What a rush and a scramble to get through with the porridge when it is followed by

The daily spread for the children's bread.

## Laitova Lemon Cheese

It's just the most delicious dainty you ever tasted. The kiddies can't have enough. It's wholesome and nourishing, too, besides being so economical. Get a jar for breakfast to-morrow.

Laitova is a most welcome change from the usual bacon for the grown-ups.

It is now packed in dainty hygienic jars, and your grocer sells it in 9d. and other sizes.

Alt

SUTCLIFFE & BINGHAM, Ltd., Cornbrook, MANCHESTER.

Q



# The Children's Emulsion

**Prescribed by the Medical Profession.**

There is no safer, more efficient, or more reliable remedy for children's ailments than Angier's Emulsion; moreover, the little ones all like it and take it willingly when they refuse other medicine. It is invaluable for colds, coughs, bronchitis, whooping-cough, or any chest affection; for scrofula, rickets, or any wasting disease; for building up after measles, fevers, or for any weakened, run-down condition. For children with poor appetite and weak digestion it acts like a charm.

Mrs. J. S. I. Wilding, of 68 Phillip Street, Hoole, Chester, writes:—  
"For the building up of a delicate child, and as a sure preventive against coughs and colds, Angier's Emulsion is all that can be desired. We have proved the above beneficial effects with our little girl, and feel very grateful to your remedy, which we can strongly recommend for children."

## ANGIER'S EMULSION

Of chemists.

L3, 2/6 & 4/6.

**FREE TRIAL BOTTLE**

Send name and address, 4d. postage, and mention THE QUIVER. ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 86 Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.4.

**Handsome Furniture that never gets shabby and withstands hard wear.**

Everybody agrees that a leather-upholstered suite is the most handsome of all furniture. Unfortunately it is expensive at the outset and soon gets shabby, especially where there are children.

But you can have just the same charming effect with

## Rexine

which looks like leather but wears longer, doesn't crack or peel, and if it becomes soiled it can be made clean by simply washing with soap and water. Rexine is quite grease and stain proof. And it costs about one quarter the price of leather.

Before buying new furniture or having your present suite re-covered, ask to see samples of Rexine.

**REXINE LTD.,**

At: Rexine Works, HYDE, Near MANCHESTER.



# STANWORTHS' "Defiance" REGD UMBRELLAS

## THIS UMBRELLA

photographed before and after repair, is an example of what can be done in the Stanworth workshops.

A complete wreck in the first picture, the second shows the poor "patient" after being repaired and re-covered with the famous Stanworth "Defiance" Silk Union.

Send us your old Umbrella

to-day together with P.O. for 5/-, and it will reach you per return of post, looking as fresh as on the day you first purchased it. Postage on Foreign Orders 1/- extra.

A post card will bring you our Illustrated Catalogue of Stanworth "Defiance" Umbrellas, and patterns for re-covering umbrellas from 2/4 upwards.

STANWORTH & CO.,  
Northern Umbrella Works,  
BLACKBURN.



**Delecta** CHOCOLATES  
Nougat Montelemani

PENNY  
"DELECTA"  
—the name  
describes them

*Poisseliers*  
BOY-SEEK  
Watford



**WHICH ?**  
will you have ?

YOU CAN'T HAVE BOTH.

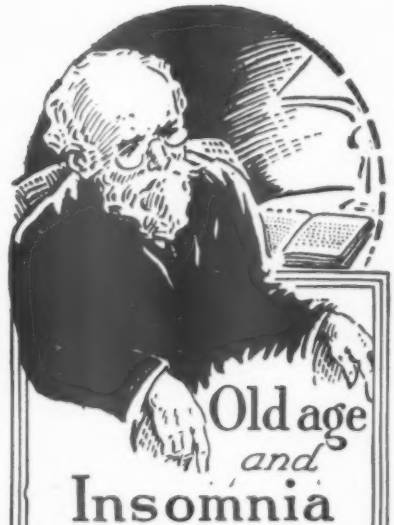
WRETCHED HEADACHE,

OR  
**DR. MACKENZIE'S  
SMELLING BOTTLE**



Cures Catarrh, Cold in the Head, Hay Fever, Headache, Dizziness, Faintness. (Of all chemists and druggists, price 1/6, or post free 1/6 in the United Kingdom.)  
Dr. Mackenzie's Laboratories, Castle Street, Reading.

1/3



Old age  
and  
Insomnia

OLD age and a nervous temperament favour sleeplessness. Before retiring take a cup of the 'Allenburys' DIET. This complete and easily digested food soothes the nerves, promotes calm sleep and ensures digestive rest. Largely used by the Medical Profession.

Promotes Sleep.

"I have used the 'Allenburys' DIET at night on going to bed with considerable benefit. I find it sustaining and comforting and sleep much better after taking it."  
(SIGNED).....M.D.

AIDS DIGESTION. INDUCES SLEEP.

**'Allenburys'**  
*The* **DIET**  
For Adults

No Cooking or Cow's Milk required. Made with boiling water only.

In Tins at 1/6, 3/- & 6/- each of Chemists.  
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.C.

D.T.C.

## Waterproof, Wear-Resisting Footwear for the Schoolgoers.

THE necessity for such footwear as protection against the piercing damp of Winter



flexible; a hardy boot for sturdy children.

Sizes 4, 5, 6 .. 7 11  
.. 7 1/2, 8, 9, 10 .. 8 11  
.. 11, 12, 13, 14 .. 10 6



*The Stanley Boot.*  
A girl's boot for all occasions. Uppers are cut from best Scotch tanned calfskin, black or dark brown; high legs.

Sizes 7, 8, 9, 10 .. 12 6  
.. 11, 12, 13, 14 .. 14 6  
Maiden sizes, 15, 16, 17 .. 16 6

## Norwell's 'Perth' Boots

"Direct from Scotland."



Plain sides, uppers, 1 or half.

Sizes 6, 7 .. 11 6  
.. 11, 12, 13, 14 .. 12 6  
.. 15, 16, 17 .. 14 6  
Youth's sizes, 18, 19 .. 16 6

days and sudden storms of early Spring is known to all parents of healthy, romping boys and girls. Put Norwell's Boots combine with these qualities, warmth and cosiness in wear, perfect foot-comfort and free scope for the natural development of the growing feet. There are models for children of every age—sensible in shape, smart in appearance, of fine workmanship, well-finished inside, and able to withstand hard wear splendidly because they're made of the finest material by craftsmen who put strength in every stitch.

Strength without weight—stoutness without stiffness—and a fit like a glove's—are the chief reasons why thoughtful parents order Norwell's for the boys, girls and babies.

Norwell's guarantee perfect satisfaction with every transaction—cheerfully refund every penny of your money.

**D. NORWELL & SON,**

Perth, Scotland.

Specialists in good-wearing Footwear.

Established over 100 Years.

Foreign orders receive special attention. Orders sent post free in Britain. Foreign postage extra.

Write NOW for New Footwear Catalogue



## A WORLD OF KNOWLEDGE IN A SMALL VOLUME

GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY FREE

How Irresistible, All-Powerful, Healing Electricity can be Applied in the Home.

The drawbacks, inconveniences, and high cost of electrical treatment as usually applied are now completely overcome.

Everybody, without exception, can at present follow proper Electrical Treatment in their own homes, and thus obtain cures which are denied them by other means.

How this is accomplished is explained in a small volume of which 10,000 copies are now available, and which will be presented free upon request; make sure of securing yours by writing for it at once whilst you have it in mind, before the supply of FREE copies is exhausted.

### MOST VALUABLE INFORMATION.

To give an idea of the immense possibilities of Home Electrical Treatment in the cure of weakness and disease we will submit a brief summary of the contents of the small volume that every reader should possess.

- Part 1.—Health is Happiness—A Description of "Ajax" Dry Cell—List of Curable Ailments.
- Part 2.—The Nervous System—Neurasthenia—Insomnia—Paralysis—Neuralgia—Locomotor Ataxy—Epilepsy—Chorea.
- Part 3.—Rheumatism—Sciatica—Lumbago—Gout—Backache—Illustrations of Batteries and Accessories.
- Part 4.—Dyspepsia—Constipation—Diarrhoea—Liver—Kidneys.
- Part 5.—Bladder—Deafness—Asthma—Cramps—Headache—Catarrh.
- Part 6.—Amenorrhoea—Anæmia—Hysteria.

### CONSIDER THIS EARNESTLY.

If your health leaves anything to be desired; if your "Nerves" are below par; if you are assailed with any form of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, or Neuralgia; if the functions of your Stomach, Bowels, Liver, Bladder, or Kidneys are imperfectly performed; if Neurasthenia, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxy, Neuritis, or total Exhaustion threaten you, then in justice to yourself you must drop at once a line (even a postcard suffices) to the British Electric Institute (Dept. 52), 25 Holborn Viaduct, London, and ask for your copy of this wonderful, though small volume, which, whilst it costs you nothing, may prove to be of untold value to you, and open up a new era in your life.

### EXPERT ADVICE FREE.

Having obtained your copy of this treatise, then submit your case to the Institute, and you will learn, entirely free of cost, how to proceed in order to obtain a cure. If possible, call at the Institute, when, in a personal interview, full explanations will be given and you will also be able to test and examine these celebrated appliances without cost or obligation of any nature.



## DUTTON'S SHORTHAND RECORDS

70 Words a Minute in 3 Days

£100 FOR SHORTHAND WRITERS

Remarkable new shorthand records were set up at the three-day shorthand classes held in London, Leeds and Manchester last month by Mr. Reginald J. G. Dutton, the author of Dutton's Shorthand and Principal of Dutton's Business College, 25 New Oxford Street, London, W.C., and Skegness.

70 WORDS A MINUTE IN 3 DAYS

No less than 80 per cent. of the pupils attending the Day Classes in the three cities completed the course within the Three Days. At the close of each class a business letter embodying phrases which had been given for practice was dictated to the students. This letter was taken down at the London class by an officer of the Sherwood Foresters at 70 words a minute, his notes being read back at 80 words per minute. At Leeds, a night-class student (10 hours tuition only) took the letter down at 60 words a minute, and at Manchester three ladies reached 70 words a minute. 70 per cent. of the Manchester Evening Class students actually completed the Theory Course within the four nights (ten hours' tuition).

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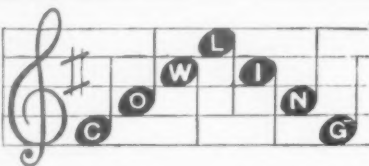
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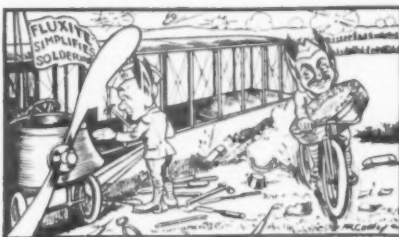


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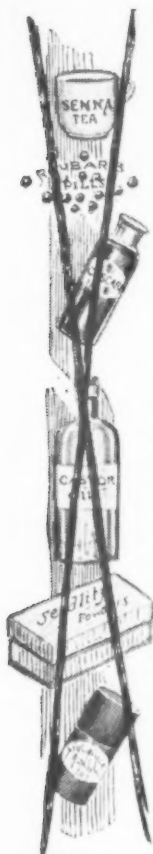
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## To Renovate Old Clothes

By JOAN LEWCOCK

I WONDER how often my readers get out their Monies or frocks or little dainty collars, and say what a pity it is to throw them away, because they are still as good as new except that they are faded or washed out, even while they are quite stylish, and when someone suggests sending them to the Dyers, they say it is not worth it, because chemical dyeing is so expensive. Then someone else suggests that they dye them themselves at home, and then the same old excuse is put forward, "These household things never turn out a success; the colours do not go right, and they always look streaky."



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## THE WAR AND CHARITIES

Dear Readers,

The strain of the War, mentally and financially, is felt by all of us, but we must not let the work of our great Charitable Societies go by default. More than ever it is necessary that those who can should render assistance to these sorely tried institutions.

May I earnestly commend to your sympathetic consideration the claims of the charities mentioned in the following pages?

I shall be most pleased to receive and pass on subscriptions for any of these. No deductions are made for office expenses.

Your friend,

La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.  
January, 1917.

*The Editor*

## DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



A Week's Admissions.

**48**

Children admitted in the Week.

**25** were Boys.

**23** were Girls.

The youngest was an infant of three months.

**21** were under five.

**24** were soldiers' children admitted for the duration of the War.

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invite readers of this Magazine to share with them the inestimable privilege of communicating the Gospel of Christ to the sorrowing multitudes of London, whose lives have been shadowed and impoverished by the War.

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# THE QUIVER

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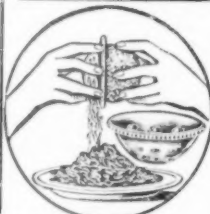
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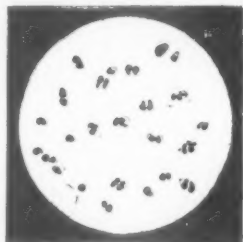
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From an actual Micro-photograph of the Micrococcus Catarrhalis—magnified 900 diameters—taken at the Runcorn Laboratories.

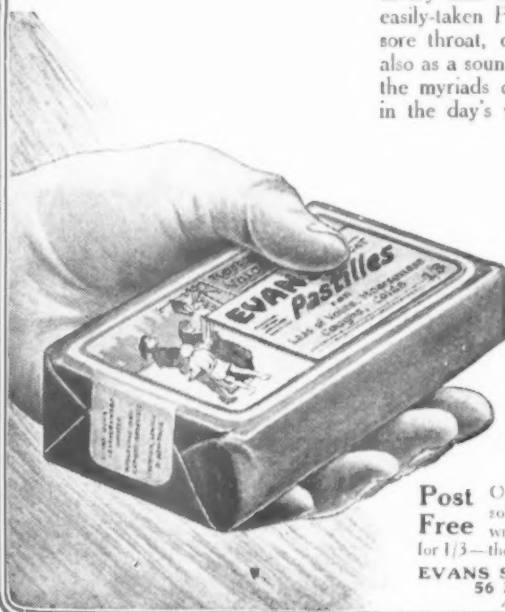
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"When woods are bare and birds are flown."  
W. C. BRYANT.



In the Market Place.  
A typical North African town scene.

Photo:  
D. McLaughlin



# THE QUIVER



VOL. LII., No. 4

FEBRUARY, 1917

## 'TWIXT OLD AND NEW

On the Borderland of Civilisation in North Africa

By E. E. SHORT

OUR home in North Africa is on the borderland of civilisation. The tourist visits it, arriving by rail or by motor-car. He finds the post office installed with telephone, etc., the hotel with French-speaking guides, and sees on view picture-postcards of the town, etc. He walks through the crowded bazaars and looks at the mosques and the few usual "sights." Then, with rare exceptions, he rushes away, having no more than glanced at the white-washed walls of houses and shops which shelter an old-world life hardly touched by the wave of civilisation on which he has been borne to our town. There are even European residents, living just outside its walls, who take no interest in the current of life flowing within them much as it has flowed for the last thousand years. They see and understand hardly anything of it. But we who have lived within the walls many years do see, and are constantly interested in and amused by these currents of life, old and new, which mingle and meet each other.

Our town has two prisons. The one is under French rule, and is built on modern lines, yet it has regulations inconsistent with our ideas of a prison. Daily there emerges from it a little procession of prisoners clad in no special prison dress. Shovels, brooms, and barrows are served out to them, and, with a municipal employé as foreman, they march off to sweep the

streets of the town. Their day's work over, they are marshalled back to re-enter the prison. But is there no precaution against their running away? None seems necessary. They are earning a few pence by which they may improve their meagre prison fare, and they are also getting a glimpse of the world. Prison is not so shameful or burdensome to them that they should run the risks of recapture and heavier punishment for the sake of an attempt to escape. And the town gets its street-sweeping done cheaply.

The old prison is a strictly native affair, to which the native Governor can still commit prisoners for minor offences. One may easily pass the building without guessing its nature. But there is sometimes the hum of voices, for the prisoners are together in a common room; and one or more of them may often be seen looking out of a grated window high up in the wall. The jailer lives by tips and parting gifts from his guests. The prisoners are given little or nothing to eat, but may be provided for by friends and relations from outside. Hence, to some, imprisonment is a very light affliction, no more grievous to their body than to their pride or to their feelings.

We heard once that a certain young man named Salem was sentenced to a week or two's imprisonment for taking part in a drunken quarrel in a native café. A day or two later I saw Salem passing in the street. On inquiring, I found it was not uncommon

## THE QUIVER



A Baker's Shop in the Native Quarter.

Photo:  
D. McLeish.

French legal minds from old native mazes—but rather after the manner of Solomon and the East. For instance, there is a quarrel between Mabrouk and Mohammed. The latter lays a complaint against the former, and the *Spahis* (court officer) fetches Mabrouk before the *Caid* (native Governor). The whole dispute is trifling, but the accounts given on either side are contradictory and confused. The *Caid* finally tells the disputants to go outside and “make peace” between themselves, and orders each to

for a jailer to allow a prisoner out during the day, provided he returned in the evening and in some way paid for the favour. Here, too, it is to the prisoner's interest to “lie low” a little during the day and to return in good time at night. So Salem enjoyed himself in a quiet way “in” prison, while his foolish old mother, who had always worked more for him than he had for her, brought him the best meals she could, and hurried around, spending time and money to shorten his detention there. But to be confined in that prison is a different matter for anyone who is destitute and friendless—it means a hard time and no chance of its being shortened.

When I first came to the town I was surprised at men talking to me quite calmly of their having been in prison. Now I listen as unmoved as the speaker, for I know that the experience is so common that few people feel shame in acknowledging that it has been theirs. Accused and suspected persons are freely and promptly put in jail, and kept there even for long periods, while the law slowly winds its way to trial and judgment.

The judgments that send men to the native prison are not according to a definite code—that is a new idea being evolved by

pay half of the *Spahis'* fee, or, failing that, he will put them both in prison. Evidently this was not perfect justice, but Western methods of procedure at greater length and expense might have worked out less justly and efficiently. The “peace” was made, as Mabrouk thought it the cheaper way out of the affair, while Mohammed did not consider it worth while to go to jail for the sake of seeing his enemy there.

The wave of civilisation has bestowed on us a Town Council, which enacts from time to time various by-laws. These aim at the highest ideals of progress, humanity, and public health. They are set forth in correct form and phraseology, approved and countersigned by the heads of the central government, and duly affixed at our gates to be read by all. But in our town those who *can* read are very few, and very often the printed announcement has to be supplemented by a hoarse-voiced native who walks round the streets announcing the essential part of the order.

Thanks to one such by-law, a donkey driver is no longer allowed to pile sacks of grain on his donkey's back until the legs of the poor beast bend and he almost collapses under the weight of his burden. Nor is he permitted to work his beast with

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open sores on its back—sores which the driver used to poke with a stick in order to stimulate the progress of the poor creature when through long usage it was heedless of ordinary blows.

Formerly our meat was brought into market from the slaughter-house slung over the backs of donkeys, and very imperfectly covered with a piece of sacking. Now another order has compelled the use of a sort of dog-kennel on wheels, with an opening at the back or on the top, drawn by the donkey. The present method might still offend the delicate taste of a new-comer from Europe, but it is certainly an improvement on the old.

Thanks to another by-law, the flies which literally swarm in our main street are seriously hindered from settling and feasting on the dates, sweetmeats, cakes, bread, etc., offered there for sale. In the good old days the only hindrance was the switch, more or less plied by the vendor. Then there came a sudden great demand for gauzy mate-

rials, and the construction of many rough glass cases to cover or enclose such eatables, in order to comply with the new requirements; and the flies found a permanent, instead of a fitful, obstacle between them and the feast.

These by-laws are always enforced vigorously while new; but many of them after a while are very lamely observed. Some newer thing takes the first place in the efforts of the police or other officials, and the native, not feeling the benefit or the necessity of all these new and troublesome restrictions, slips back into the older and simpler ways. We have even seen a total and comical collapse of a well-intentioned edict. It was once ordained by the municipality, and made known to the public in French and Arabic, that henceforth all refuse put out for collection by the dust carts must be contained in some fit receptacle. Alas! for those law-abiding citizens who placed their rubbish outside their doors in any tin can or box in a sound condition. Such can or box had



Arab Merchants  
at a Café.

Photo  
D. Malen.

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a value or utility which offered too strong a temptation to some poor Arab youngster passing by, and very soon it had disappeared while the refuse was left scattered about. The police attempted, but in vain, to check this disappearance of the "receptacles." Before long everybody relapsed into the old ways, and dumped their rubbish in disorderly heaps, to be scattered by the winds and rummaged by dogs, cats,

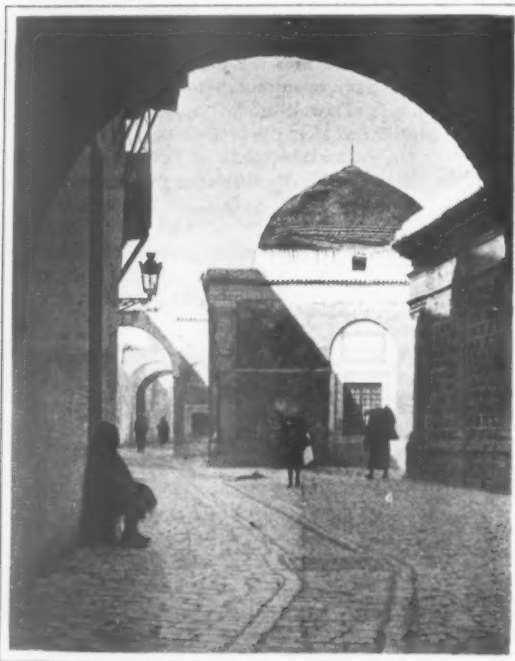
ing by to make sure of the burial. The fish had been seized at the railway station on arrival from the coast, and no doubt had been far enough gone to tell of its condition while yet in the train. A couple of natives were with us, and expressed their feelings freely—not of satisfaction that such a danger had been averted, but of sympathy at the loss sustained by the owner of the fish, and of regret that no one had any chance of seeing if there was anything eatable out of the lot.

However, the municipality is not very strict. Fish, far from fresh, and unfit to face the publicity of the market-place, where it has spent some hours of a hot day, is sold cheap down the side streets of the town. Oranges, apples, tomatoes, more or less rotten, which no European would buy, all follow the same way.

There was one autumn when measures were prompt and drastic. It was when cholera was near the town, and water melons were in season. A French official, with a native assistant, went daily up and down the market-place. The assistant examined the heaps of melons, and handed any unsound ones to his superior. If at all soft, they were promptly smashed. The vendor looked on resignedly at his sadly reduced stock, and a cart afterwards carried off the heaps of broken melons.

We have, of course, a proper postal service, and in connection with this the municipality has everywhere named the streets, numbered the houses, and affixed plates with names and numbers

in French and Arabic. To us, as strangers and foreigners, these name-plates have often been of great service; but very few native tenants or landlords can tell the numbers of their houses, or perhaps not even the name of their street. To them the houses still go by the name of some past or present owner or occupier. If you ask a native where a house is, he will direct you by its proximity to some mosque, saint's tomb, or other special building, by the point of the compass which it faces, or some special peculiarity of its structure. This process is generally long,



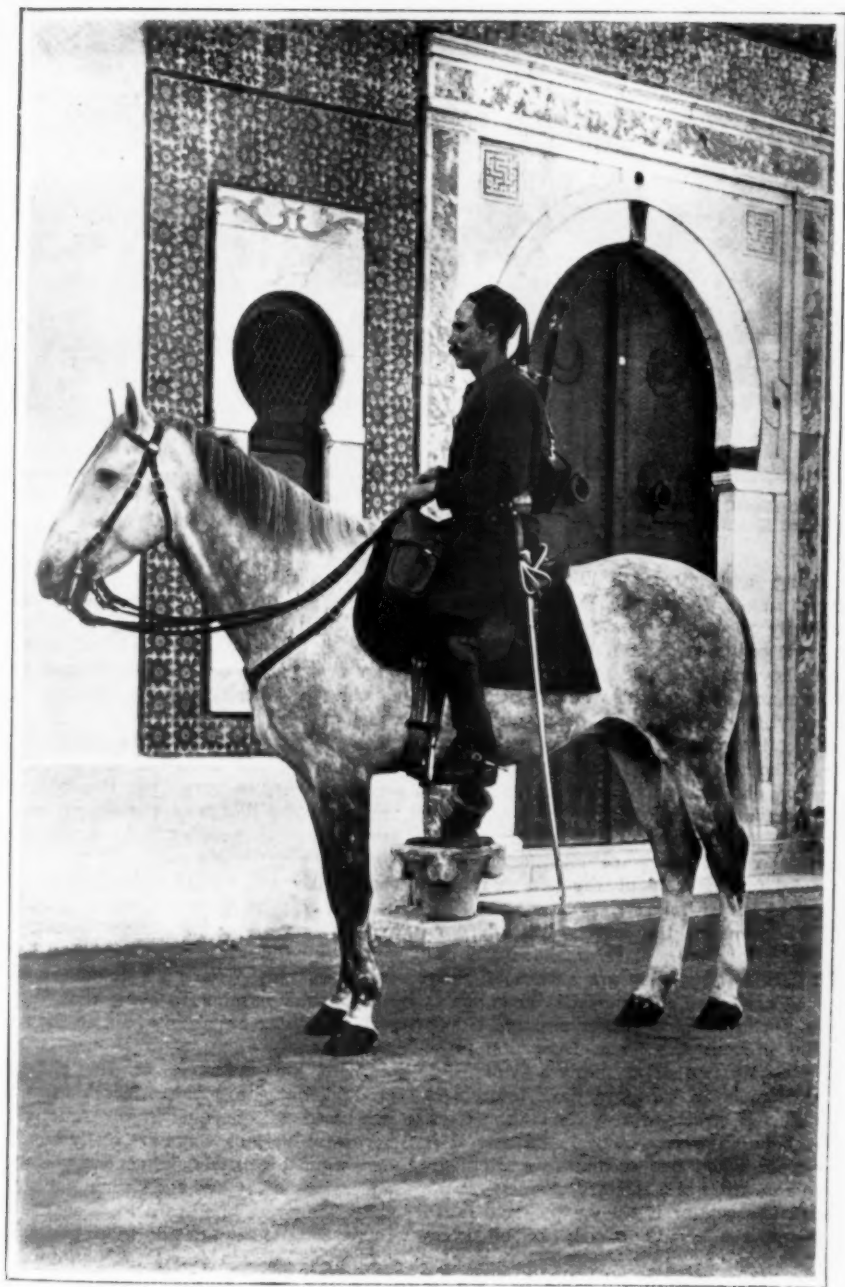
Tomb of the  
Beys of Tunis.

Photo:  
D. McLeish.

and youngsters, without any hindering "receptacle."

The municipality watches, in the interests of the public health, over the perishable food offered for sale. All meat must be passed by the medical officer and bear the official stamp. But such watchful care is not always appreciated by the poor native, who troubles little about fruit being unripe or over-ripe, or about fish being stale—provided it be cheap. Once we saw from a distance the burial of some boxes of fish outside the city. A policeman was stand-





**A Tunisian  
Cavalryman.**

*Photo :  
D. McLeish*

The Bey has a very efficient army which, like most other institutions in Tunis, is under French control.

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Snake Charmers  
at Kairwan.

puzzling, and, after all, unsatisfactory to any stranger in the neighbourhood.

Nearly all the streets are narrow, and not a single one is straight for any length. At first they all look very much alike, with their many zigzags, the whitewashed walls in varying degrees of dirtiness, and their few small windows. Blind alleys are numerous. The broadest and most inviting opening may end thus after a few bends; while the narrowest, arched passage may prove to be a thoroughfare. The stranger with even the best bump of locality is often grateful for the help of the plate with its name of *rue* or *impasse*.

The lamps in the streets, though only lighted by petroleum, show the march of civilisation. But they are always off duty during some ten nights while the moon is near the full. True, in our climate, clouds rarely prevent the moon from doing the lamp's duty and doing it more brilliantly; but there is an awkward dark interval in our narrow streets, during the shorter days, just before the moon rises. So also it is awkward when one sets out to catch our 4.30 a.m. train of a winter's morning, if the moon has set, or if the lamps have failed through the night's supply of oil being exhausted.

At sunset there is an old-fashioned simplicity and an odour of the field in the midst of our town. The cows, with the donkeys, goats, and camels, come in through

our gates and return to their masters' houses from their day's pasturing. The camels have to be fetched from the gathering-places outside the gates, where the herdman who has taken charge of them for a copper or two per head during the day hands them over again at night. But the cows often make their own way to their respective houses, and "moo" at the stable door for admission, or push open the front door and walk in like any two-legged visitor. Here, too, the new and old order blend. Under the cow's neck is a wooden charm, shaped like the five fingers and palm of a hand—one of the manifold forms of ancient and evergreen superstition and fear of evil spirits—and, for convenience, there is fastened on this "Fatima's hand" a stencilled metal number to show that the tax on the cow has been duly paid to the municipality.

These are instances of the slow and gradual, but sure, change in our town, and its blend of old and new. Among the new introductions there are really beneficial ones which are slowly and generally accepted and approved. Yet even when the new is the better way, one has a little sentimental regret for the simpler and more picturesque one which it has displaced. We used to carry home our meat by a bit of string run through it. Now our butchers provide paper of some sort to wrap up the purchases of his European customers. If occasionally

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there happens to be none handy it makes a pleasant reminder of old times to say, "Never mind," and to carry home a leg of mutton dangling from our fingers.

There is a large native general shop where now your goods will be made up in a tidy parcel, and you "pay at the desk" as you leave the shop. The native customer was slow to learn that he must no longer pay over the counter to the man serving him.

All the new ways are not actual improvements, nor do all improvements meet with general approval. On pointing out to a man how the French had provided good roads and had paved or levelled the streets so that in wet weather we no longer trod in deep mud, he answered, "What advantage is there in having good roads to keep one's socks clean? In the old days nobody wore socks, and they could wash their feet afterwards from the mud splashes." We cannot agree with the lover of the sockless days, but certainly we see no increase of beauty or utility when the modern young

Arab adopts starched collar and cuffs, or when some Arab woman shows high-heeled shoes below the old-fashioned cloak which hides her figure and face. Some innovations seem mere artificial complications without any corresponding advantage.

Still, changes must come everywhere—of real or doubtful utility, or clearly for the worse—and even our town on the edge of the stream slowly follows the current. Gladly and promptly, or regretfully and reluctantly, we are obliged to accept the changes and follow in some measure the times.

Amid such surroundings we and our fellow-workers of the North Africa Mission live and labour. Alongside of these external changes we also remark changes of a moral and spiritual nature, in which similarly bad and good are mingled. We sorrow over that which "progress" brings of moral evil. We rejoice over the signs of dawn in some hearts and lives, the dawn of the New Creation which shall never grow old or vanish away.



The Old Clothes Market.

Photo:  
D. McLeish.

# THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE

No 3 of "The Happy Club" Series

By GRACE GOLDEN and DOROTHY MARSH

We know not how the road will bend,  
But, fearless, vision it as straight,  
And, reaching late the unlooked-for end,  
Look back and know the gods are great.

THE Grump's face wore a scowl. It was that same scowl which had given him his nickname, and, through years of usage, had marked the little discontented lines round his mouth, even going far to spoil the steady faithful expression of his grey eyes.

"Yes, it's just the same as ever," he was saying, as he tapped irritably with his foot on the polished floor of the little sitting-room. "Here am I, only a Tommy, though I joined up the minute war broke out and went to France almost straight away, while Almeric waited for a commission; and look at him now, a full-blown captain, and he's not even come within shooting distance of a German yet. Always the same old game. I'm sick of it."

"And I wonder," put in Margaret Carr, speaking calmly and deliberately, "how much your being sick of it has had to do with that 'same old game.' You know people with a permanent grievance are not as a rule popular."

Martin St. Clair looked at her, his sun-burnt face flushing to a still ruddier tint. Then he grinned.

"You've not forgotten how to hit out straight," he said, almost admiringly, "but I suppose that's one reason why I like you. I'm tired of people who gush and gas and don't mean anything by it all. It's such humbug. I'll be hanged if I'll ever try it on."

"Well, my dear boy, I don't think you could if you tried, so it's just as well," Margaret addressed the tall young man sitting opposite to her in an almost motherly fashion. "But it's not always such a heinous crime as you think to smooth over the nasty, irritable tangles in life with a little honey. My word, Martin, if you'd only lived right in St. Mary Royal for twenty-

three years, as I did, you'd know the value of peacemakers."

"Well, you're out of it now,"

"Yes, I'm out of it now," answered Margaret slowly. Instinctively she glanced down at the black frock that made her slim figure look still more slender. "And sometimes I would give a good deal to be back. But all the same, although it seems an awful thing to say, the war has given me my chance. It killed father, he simply never could stand up against the idea of it, but afterwards I'd never have got mother up to London and been allowed to earn my own living, if it had not been that everything seemed topsy-turvy, and so many girls we knew were turning out for the first time. And mother likes it. It doesn't matter here that she can't walk much. She just gets on a 'bus and looks at the people and the shops and it does her good. As for me, I feel most important as a clerk in Government employ. I always think to give one's address as 'Whitehall' sounds so dignified, and now I've got my chance I'm not going to throw it away. Really and truly, though, I believe I'm a country bird at heart, but a country bird that needs a nice well-lined nest. There's no question about that. I've seen too much of life five miles from a station, with a big family to bring up and educate decently, on an income that would not be looked at by many ordinary mechanics. It's made me the mercenary young woman I am."

"You know you're not a bit mercenary," said Martin reproachfully, "and if I'd only got a halfpenny to offer you, I'd ask you to come and live with me always in the country. You know, Margaret," he stood and spoke with deadly earnestness, "you are the only girl I shall ever care two pence for. Will you marry me some day when the war is over and I can make a home for you?"

The girl looked at him, looked at his six feet two of stalwart manhood in its war-worn rifleman's uniform, looked at the ugly,

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irregular face with the discontented mouth, looked last into the eyes which gave promise of so much that might redeem the rest.

"No, I can't," she said. "For one thing I don't want to marry anybody yet awhile, and for another I couldn't ever marry a Grump." The words were cruel, but the kindly twinkle in her eye belied them.

"I've got to go and do something grand, I suppose. Then, when I come back with two or three bands playing the 'Conquering Hero,' and without a leg or an arm or something, you'll fall on my neck, and the curtain 'll go down." The Grump had not seen the twinkle, and spoke almost savagely. "It's easy enough to make fun of a fellow."

"It's only my incurable sense of the humoresque, as father used to call it, getting me into trouble again." Margaret shook her head sorrowfully. Then quickly she reached up her hand to the khaki sleeve. "But I mean it, Martin," she went on earnestly, "I can't bear people who always have something up against the world, or their hard fate, as they call it, and don't see that it's mostly their own fault. Can't you try and qualify as a really worthy member of the Happy Club? You know Almeric can't help it that he is older than you, and will have Gawthorpe and all the things you want and he doesn't. Can he now? It's the way things happen."

"All right." The Grump shut his mouth in the rigid lines that those who knew him well recognised at once. "That settles it. But speaking of Almeric reminds me that I was to bring a message that he and the mater are coming here to tea this afternoon. You know the mater's come to town to see him before he goes." His lips curled in slight sarcasm, and Margaret was silent, for she knew as well as he did that Mrs. St. Clair had not come to town to see her younger son before he went to France some seven months ago. And even now that he was home for his first leave, it was only because Almeric was in London and shortly going to the front that she had made the journey from Dorsetshire. It was not that Celia St. Clair did not care for Martin. She was fond enough of him in her own way, but her whole soul was wrapped up in Almeric—Almeric, who was so like her own patrician family—Almeric, who, with his handsome face and careless high-bred voice, was to

her mind the beau-ideal of what a gentleman should be. So Martin showed always at a disadvantage beside his brother, and his mother quite unconsciously had all his life treated him a little hardly. And Margaret, who had known the whole family since her own childhood, knew this as well as she knew anything. So now, as she could not admit to Martin that his mother was unfair, and could not with honesty defend her, there fell a little pause in the conversation, and the young man rose to go, still with that little cynical smile on his face, before she had thought of another remark.

"Won't you stay?" she asked feebly, knowing beforehand what the answer would be.

"No, I'll cut along now. You won't want me. Good-bye, Margaret; I won't forget what you said, but it's no good for you to expect me to do anything grand."

"I don't," began the girl, but before she could complete her sentence he had gone.

She looked after him a minute, a half sad, half quizzical expression on her face. Then, with a little sigh, she set busily to work to prepare tea for the expected guests.



The Carrs and the St. Clairs were not merely old friends, but also connections, for Mrs. St. Clair was a distant cousin of Margaret's mother, and it was through her influence that her husband had obtained for Mr. Carr the living of St. Mary Royal, which he had held until his death a few months before. And although Gawthorpe, the family property of the St. Clair family, was some two miles distant from the village, the boys had always spent a good deal of their time, when at home, at the Rectory, and Margaret had been their especial chum, the four Carr boys being much younger, and even at this time still at boarding school. And for years Margaret had idolised Mrs. St. Clair with the romantic adoration that a young girl will often lavish on an older woman, and even now, when with the clearer judgment of womanhood she was beginning to see that her goddess was not quite perfect, she still unreservedly admired her beauty and charm. This afternoon, as Mrs. St. Clair sat in the most comfortable armchair the flat boasted, she looked even lovelier than usual, for her whole face lighted up when she looked at her adored elder son. Almeric was very

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like his mother. In fact, his features were almost identical, and only a careful observer would have noticed that in his face there was something lacking that was to be found in hers. To the casual eye he was not only good to look upon, but, in his smart, well-fitting uniform, all that a young officer should be.

"Yes," he was saying, with the slight air of affectation he sometimes put on, "I expect we'll be off in a day or two now. We've had our orders, and then for a go at the Huns. I'm longing to get at them, although they say it's pretty bad out in the trenches."

"Well, Martin looks very fit on it anyhow," said Margaret, who did not approve of Almeric's "Society air," as she called it. "So you ought to be able to put up with it."

"Yes, I have never seen him looking so well," put in Mrs. Carr, a gentle, white-haired woman, whose years of semi-invalidism had made her look much more than her real age.

"Oh, the old Grump, yes," observed Almeric lightly. "He likes it, and I believe, too, the Tommies do get much better looked after than we do."

"Don't talk such utter nonsense, Almeric," said his younger hostess sharply, and Almeric subsided. He had heard Margaret use that tone before, many and many a time, in the days of his youth, and knew that argument was fatal on such occasions.

"Now, children," interrupted Mrs. Carr, "you must not start quarrelling just when Almeric is going away."

"No," said Mrs. St. Clair, "I feel I want to see every bit of him I can. Not that I mind him going, it is only what a St. Clair should do, and it would break my heart if any son of mine hesitated to answer his country's call. Somehow the older I get," she went on, after a little pause, turning to Mrs. Carr, "the more I feel that the material things of life matter very little, so long as we keep our sense of truth and honour unstained."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Carr, in her soft voice, "that is, I think, one of the things one does in later life begin to learn. You and I, Celia, have lived long enough to know that the heart's true happiness is not a matter of comfort or convenience, but springs from something deeper."

"Come for a walk with me, Meg," whispered Almeric, who was looking bored and a little uncomfortable at the turn the conversation was taking. "Now that our respected parents have started philosophising, there'll be no holding them. And I want to talk to you."

Nothing loath, Margaret put on her coat and hat, and they made their way into Battersea Park, near which the flat was situated. Almeric was unusually quiet for him, and hardly spoke until they had reached an almost deserted path some distance from the entrance.

"Well, what is it you want to tell me, Almeric?" asked the girl suddenly. "I know there's something, by the gloomy way you are punishing the inoffensive plants with your cane. They've not done anything. Come, out with it, or I shan't have time to advise you for your good."

Ever since their childhood's days the boys had confided in her about their many scrapes. Oftentimes had she shielded Almeric, who, although three years older than herself, had always turned to her as to an elder sister. It was his nature to rush impetuously into trouble and then demand that someone else should pull him out, and Margaret, while she never spared him a good lecture, had always done the pulling, and when necessary stood up for him when the wrath of his elders threatened him.

"I've been a fool," he said at last, still switching savagely at the unoffending plants.

"Probably! But how? Another girl?"

"Yes."

"And now, I suppose, you want me to help you with plans or letters of explanation because you've made a muddle of it by yourself. Really, Almeric, I should have thought you would have learnt to take care of yourself by this time. This must be about the tenth girl, not counting the ones I've not heard of. What would your mother say if she knew?—and she might get to know about one of these affairs some day. I suppose now you feel you can't honourably get out of proposing—is that it?"

"I have proposed."

"And won't she have you?"

"She has had me."

"Almeric! What do you mean?" Margaret turned to him, her face suddenly troubled and worried.



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"I mean that I'm married!"

There was a minute's silence.

"Tell me about it," said the girl in a low voice, in which there was neither annoyance nor surprise, but only trouble.

"I met her down at Camptown," he began slowly, "when we were training. It's a beastly dull hole there, and there was absolutely nothing to do. And she is a pretty little thing, even you couldn't help owning that. And, I don't know how it was, but like a fool I proposed to her, and she accepted me red hot, and then, when we heard we were likely to be going to the front, her father came along and said we must get married. And we did," he ended lamely.

"Who is she?" Margaret's heart was cold within her. This was a worse mess than Almeric had ever got into before, and she doubted her powers of pulling him out this time. "What are her people?"

"Her name is Flossie."

"Flossie! Heavens!" thought Margaret. "Yes, but *who* is she?" she asked again.

"She's old Prynne's daughter. He's got a sort of baccy shop down at Camptown, and everybody used to go there."

"She is a tobacconist's daughter, and her name is Flossie," echoed the girl. "Oh, what will your mother say? You know it will about break her heart, Almeric."

"That's just it," he began eagerly. "I don't want her to know. Now I'm going away anything may happen, but Flossie won't mind so long as she has her allowance regularly. And that's what I was going to ask you to do, Meg. To take her the money every month, and go and see her and smooth her over, and so on. I told her we couldn't tell the miter just yet, but that my sister would come and see her. You're as good as a sister any day. You will, won't you, Meg?"

Margaret looked at him helplessly. What could she say?

She saw more clearly than ever before that Almeric's outlook on life did not include the shouldering of his own responsibilities with the strength and purpose of a man. She supposed she would do what he wanted. Almeric was lovable—like a child in many ways, and she knew she could never have the heart to desert him when he appealed to her. She wondered what this Flossie was like. A little silly, impressionable

thing probably. Well, it was no wonder she had succumbed to this young Adonis with his slim, lithe figure and handsome face. And the thing was done now.

"Does Martin know?" she asked at last.

"Martin? Good heavens, no! Why, he'd blow my head off, and tell the mater at once."

"Don't be a cad, Almeric," she said sharply. "You know Martin's not a sneak, and if you run him down I won't have anything more to do with you."

"Oh, all right. But you will do it?" he asked eagerly, but confidently. "Here's her address. She would come to London with me. You are a brick, Meg."

"Yes, I suppose I am a brick," she answered in a dull voice, as she looked ahead and saw before her a long vista of deceit and sorrow.



Flossie Prynne, to call that young woman by her maiden name, was all that name seemed to imply. She was small, fluffy, and pretty in a common little way, and she was, judging by her tight-lipped mouth and hard blue eyes, most palpably able to take care of herself. Margaret, as she rang the bell of the dingy Brixton lodging-house in which young Mrs. St. Clair had chosen to take up her temporary abode, felt that every month the visit she had promised Almeric to make grew more distasteful to her. This was now the third time she had been, and, as Flossie herself opened the door and imprinted a kiss reeking of cheap powder and scent upon her cheek, she felt she could not stand much more of it. She followed her hostess into the stuffy sitting-room, and there presented her with the money, which, to avoid complications, she always gave her in hard cash.

"Thanks, dear," said Flossie, in the cheap high metallic voice that always reminded Margaret of barrel-organs and banjos and tambourines. "I was hopin' you'd come along to-day, for, 'pon my word, people are dunnin' me all round. Don't seem as though I can help runnin' into debt somehow. Must 'ave bin born with expensive tastes, I s'pose! I was wonderin', to tell the truth, if Al couldn't send me a bit more now and then. Wouldn't the old lady stomp up a bit, if he told her he was short?"

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Margaret shuddered. To hear Almeric and Mrs. St. Clair referred to as "Al" and the "old lady" always jarred on her sensitive ear, and the hint that Flossie was beginning to see the possibilities of blackmail terrified her, though she would not let it be seen.

"Oh, impossible," she answered in as final and authoritative a tone as she could muster. "I shouldn't dream of asking Almeric such a thing if I were you. I really, think your allowance ought to be sufficient, and I think you will be wise to make it so." She spoke as though she meant much more than she chose to say, and Flossie, looking slightly mystified and frightened (as she meant her to), said no more on the subject. All the same, Margaret felt more worried than usual, and, as she escaped after as short a conversation as she could manage, she felt she never wanted to see the place or the woman again. For, as she had known with absolute certainty after her first visit to Brixton, Flossie had not one atom of real affection for her husband; she had entrapped him through his weakness of character, and her sole idea was to get as much out of him as possible. Margaret sighed and felt that sometimes the world could be a very sordid place.

It was almost dark when she got in, and she found her mother sitting, as was her custom, in the twilight.

"My dear child," she said at once as the girl went in, "I have had a great shock, and I fear it will be one to you, too."

"It's not—not——" began Margaret, but could get no farther.

"It is Almeric. He was severely wounded four days ago, and died in hospital the next day. Martin has been here. He was with him at the end. It is too terrible to think of these young men, just in their finest manhood, that one has known since their childhood. Oh, how thankful I am that none of our boys are old enough!"

Margaret slipped down upon a chair. It was, as her mother said, a great shock to her, and her first thought was one of remorse that only that afternoon she had felt so angry with the dead man. Then the full meaning of it all came over her and it seemed as if everything was as bad as it could be. Almeric was dead! That would be a crushing enough blow to his adoring mother. But that Almeric's wife (and such a wife!)

was alive, was a fact that would kill her. With her almost fantastic ideals of honour and chivalry, how could she ever get over it? And unless she was to hear the truth from Flossie's own cruel lips, she, Margaret, would have to tell her. She was no coward, but she flinched from the thought.

"You said Martin had been here?" she asked, for the sake of saying something to break the tension of her thoughts.

"Yes, he has only just gone. And, Margaret, he wants you to go down to Gawthorpe with him to-morrow. His mother said she would like to have you. I think you must go, dear."

"Does she know?" The girl's voice was scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh, yes, the War Office telegraphed at once, and then Martin went down to her yesterday. I told him I was certain you would go, and, as it is Easter, you will be able to get away for a few days at least."

To Margaret the journey down to her old home was one of the most tragic things of her life. For years afterwards she could not think of it without a shudder. Martin was almost silent, and looked absolutely overcome with grief. He sat most of the time, an expression of blind misery on his face, looking out of the window. She longed to comfort him and also to confide in him her terrible misgivings as to Almeric's wife. But somehow she could not bring herself to speak, and they only exchanged commonplace all the way down.

It was almost a relief to reach Gawthorpe and get the meeting with Mrs. St. Clair over. And it proved less trying than she had anticipated.

Mrs. St. Clair was in a way broken down with grief; yet at the same time her wonderful idealism buoyed her up. She gloried in thinking that her son had met a hero's death, for Almeric had received his fatal wounds rescuing a comrade. She showed Margaret his Colonel's letter, deploring the loss of a promising officer, and her voice rang with triumph when she said that if he had lived he would have received a decoration. Of Martin's presence she seemed hardly conscious, although she leaned on his strength and let herself be guided by his advice, and he, for his part, showed towards her a new tenderness that was very pleasant to see. After all, the girl in a way enjoyed her days of country air, despite her personal



" 'There's nothing else you want to  
lecture me about, is there?' "—p. 329.

*Drawn by  
Noel Harrild.*

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sorrow in the loss of her old friend, for Dorset in the springtime, with its rolling downs and wonderful array of wild flowers, is very refreshing to the dwellers in towns. And, although she would not have owned it to outsiders, she sometimes hankered, with all her heart, for the quiet country lanes. But her passive enjoyment was marred by the black cloud that hung over her. She felt more and more, seeing how the mother was bearing her grief, that it would be to her a terrible blow to hear of her son's foolish marriage, and of the actual existence of his common little wife. She had always adored him, but now he had in her mind attained the halo of a soldier saint. His faults, never very apparent to her, were forgotten, his good qualities idealised, and she was already contemplating a window in the parish church, with the figure of St. George bearing her son's features as its subject. Without compunction, for her own part, Margaret would have kept the secret, only with her knowledge of young Mrs. St. Clair she felt quite sure that once no more money was forthcoming she would not remain quiet. Her monthly allowance was nearly due, and there was, of course, no means of paying it. Margaret thought of consulting Martin, but, before she had decided to do so, he had been obliged to go to London to see the family lawyer. And there was no one else. After wrestling with her problem for several days and nights, the girl decided that she must herself break to Mrs. St. Clair the unpleasant truth. But her pluck failed her time after time, and it was not until late in the evening of her last day at Gawthorpe that she summoned her courage to open the subject.

"Dear Mrs. St. Clair," she began, in a voice that sounded in her own ears horribly abrupt, "I have something to tell you that I am afraid will grieve you terribly. It is about a woman."

"Then I think I know it already, my dear child." The elder woman spoke sorrowfully, but without any great emotion.

"Oh, I am glad you know." A load was lifted from the girl's heart, but a great surprise took its place.

"Yes, it was naturally a very sad thing; still, young men will be young men, and the only thing to do is to pay the creatures off. That, apparently, was all this one wanted, and by now she has received her price."

"But how did you know?" queried Margaret. It was an enormous relief, of course, to feel that her responsibility was at an end, but this calm knowledge and acceptance of the situation was so unexpected and puzzling.

"He told me himself."

That, then, explained it. Almeric had lived twenty-four hours, and had, as she knew, been able to write a few lines to his mother. What a good thing it was that he had himself told her of his folly.

"Yes," Mrs. St. Clair went on. She was gazing into the red heart of the fire, for although it was April the evenings were still chilly. "Sometimes I feel my sorrow is greater than I can bear, but then at other times I am happy, knowing myself very blessed. For what better fate is there for a man than to die young, generally beloved, and a hero? It is better for me to remember him always thus."

Margaret gently kissed her and crept away to bed. In such sorrow and resignation she felt she had no part.

Early the next morning she left Gawthorpe. Her hostess kissed her affectionately and bade her come again soon. "I shall always love you more now, Margaret, because you knew him and were fond of him," she added in parting. "He was such a good friend to everyone, as you know well."

But, despite all her sympathy and sorrow, the girl could not help feeling, even at that moment, that in the friendship between herself and Almeric she had given always more than she received.

Much to her surprise, Martin met her when she arrived in London.

"I've got a day's extra leave," he said, "as I couldn't quite finish my business yesterday, but it's not worth while going down to Gawthorpe again, as I must be off by the morning train to-morrow."

He looked better than he had done, the look of pain in his eyes was not so striking, and the buoyancy of youth was once more asserting itself. He took Margaret to her office and promised to come round to the flat that evening.

When Margaret herself arrived home she found a noisy household, for her four brothers had arrived for their Easter holidays, and the little flat seemed hardly big enough to hold them. Mrs. Carr had retired to bed with the bad headache her much beloved

## THE MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE

though somewhat boisterous younger children always gave her, and in despair the girl, after three complaints had come in from neighbouring tenants regarding the noise, packed the whole party off to the Coliseum in charge of Rupert, the eldest, a lad of nearly sixteen. She had, in the excitement of seeing the boys again, almost forgotten that Martin was coming that evening. When he arrived she was just doling out money and seeing her "family," as she called them, off the premises. "And don't be late, or smoke, or lose anything, or be rude to anybody, or I'll never let you out by yourselves again," she ended in the motherly tones that, with four little brothers and an invalid mother, she had learned in her own early youth.

"Now, do come in, Martin," she said, "and don't give those boys any more tips. They've got quite enough to spend as it is, and they'll only make themselves ill."

Martin St. Clair had always been a favourite with the Carr boys, and their excitement at seeing him again, and in khaki, too, was too great for them to subdue it. They grew so riotous that Martin soon had to retire into the house, shutting the door without mercy in the faces of his young admirers. As he came upstairs and into the sitting-room his face looked again quite boyish and without the heavy cloud that had hung over it.

"Mother's got a bad head," said Margaret, "but she said I was to give you some supper and her love." They laughed together at the message.

The two young people had their meal, and then sat down comfortably to talk. All the constraint of the last few days at Gawthorpe seemed gone, and Margaret rejoiced that she had got one, at least, of her old friends back again. It was only when, as it was bound to do, their talk fell upon the sad events of the past week, that the look of pain and the constraint in speech came back to Martin.

"I'm so thankful that your mother has taken it as she has," said Margaret, trying to cheer him. "It might have been so much worse."

"Yes," he answered slowly, "but then he was always a hero to her. She has not the sting of feeling, as I do, that I always envied him, was always jealous of him, and wanted what he had. And now I've got

it." His voice was bitter. "Sometimes I wish I could go straight out and get shot rather than come home and have Gawthorpe and all I've hankered after this way. I've always grumbled and groused and ached for what was not mine to have. And I've got it now," he said again, his voice this time full of the keenest pain. "And I shall always hate it. I've got more than I want, for I've got remorse that I'll never get rid of again."

"Yes, and don't you see," the girl put in quickly, for she saw he was almost at breaking point, "that you are now beginning, all over again, the very thing for which you blame yourself? You won't take any happiness that is put in your way. You will always regret your past feelings and be wishing that things were different. Oh, Martin, you are hopeless." She looked at him, half laughing, but with tears in her eyes. "Can't you see," she said again, "that your work now is to take Almeric's place with your mother as far as is possible? I don't say you can do it altogether, but you can do something. And you can set to work and keep the old place going as well, even better than—I'm not going to say a word against someone who cannot defend himself—but you are as good a man as Almeric ever was. Poor boy!" she added gently.

There was a long pause; Martin had no answer for her. Then suddenly Margaret looked up.

"You know about Almeric's wife," she said quietly, and the words were a statement of fact rather than a question. She never knew how she came to say them.

Martin flushed deeply and looked away.

"Yes," he answered in a low voice.

"Is that where you've been?" The girl suddenly remembered the business on which he had been engaged, and Mrs. St. Clair's talk about a solicitor.

"Oh, Martin, have you seen her, and isn't she awful?"

"Awful!" he said fervently, looking less awkward.

"How did you know?"

"Almeric told me."

"You know, I was so thankful your mother was not more upset about it than she was," said Margaret.

Again Martin looked uncomfortable. Margaret, whose wits were quick, began to scent some mystery.

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"I wish you'd tell me all about it," she said. "I know it's painful to you, but you see I was mixed up in it, and I've been to see the creature three times, so I have a sort of right to know."

"Oh, I paid her off yesterday," he spoke gruffly. "And she's going to America with another man. She was married to him first, as a matter of fact, so had no claim on Almeric really, only it's better to get her out of the way, once and for all. She might have made trouble."

"But what I am so glad about is that Almeric himself told your mother."

"But he didn't; I told her." His voice was surprised.

And then suddenly a light broke on Margaret.

"And you told her it was you. Oh, I understand it all." Like a flash Mrs. St. Clair's words, and the tone in which they were spoken, came back to her.

Martin grew redder and redder.

"I didn't say I'd married her," he said sulkily, "only that she was going to have me up for breach of promise if I didn't fork out."

"And you lowered yourself for ever in your mother's eyes to save Almeric. And then you talk of reproaching yourself."

"It was the only thing a man could do." His tone was defiant. "I shouldn't have told her at all, only I couldn't find the money myself at present at such short notice. You know, as well as I do, that if she had known it was Almeric, and that he had actually married the girl, even if it wasn't legal, she would have insisted on having the hussy at Gawthorpe, and that would have broken her heart."

"And you would never have told me?"

"How could I? Besides, I didn't want you to know. The matter doesn't really care a bit for me, and she'll be happy all her life dwelling on her idea of what Almeric was."

He spoke only the truth, as the girl was obliged to own herself. But his quiet acceptance of that truth struck her as sad in the extreme.

"But after all, I'm glad you know, and that we've had this talk," went on the young man, speaking much more cheerfully, and evidently relieved to have finished with the subject. "And I shall remember what you've told me when I come back. There's nothing else you want to lecture me about, is there?" he asked, with the smile that altered his whole face. "You mostly do the thing thoroughly while you're about it."

"Only—only," said Margaret, after a moment, and speaking with an effort, "that you once said you'd never care two pins for any girl but me, and, if you still want me, I'll be here when you come home again. You may think me mercenary, if you like; I told you once I was. But the truth is—the truth is," she went on, with the show of feeling that was so beautiful, and with her so rare, "I always cared more for you than anybody else, even when you were the Grump," her voice lingered a little humorously over the word, "though you aggravated me so. But now I love and admire you with all my heart. Do you still want me, Martin?"

Martin looked at her, and into his eyes came a light that she had never seen before.

"The minute I have finished my job out there I shall come home for you," he said in his determined, matter-of-fact way.





# HOSPITALS WITHOUT PAIN

Some Personal Experiences of Life in France under the Red Cross

By A. C. MARSHALL,

*A Regular Contributor to THE QUIVER; Six Months a Red Cross Orderly on Active Service*

GO where you will, to bustling cities or remote hamlets in the Mother Country—to France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Serbia, Egypt, Switzerland, even to Mesopotamia, and you will find units of keen, capable women and men labouring under the Joint Commission of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John. The organisation that has transported nine-tenths of wounded and sick soldiers entering or passing through London is ubiquitous; its efforts spreading ripple-like from the capital, eventually to break upon any shore that is actively concerned with the world war.

But it is no part of my present task to suggest the marvellous and ever-growing ramifications of the Red Cross service, even if I were acquainted with one tithe of them, which I am not. My purpose is rather to paint a word-picture of life in a Red Cross hospital in France, the mere commonplaces of which appear to be quite unknown to the general reader, albeit they are deeply tinged with human interest, with self-sacrifice, with pathos, tragedy, and even humour.

Broadly speaking, our hospital was a self-contained colony isolated as an English-speaking community from all its immediate surroundings. Passers-by in the streets beyond its walls, and the laughing-eyed

children who played upon the pavements, spoke musically in their native tongue; but one might dwell a year inside those walls, feeling thoroughly at home, wanting for nothing and hardly realising that the way to England lay across the Channel.

The building itself in normal times had been a college for the priesthood. Every

room boasted its Crucifix. On the ground floor lofty, well-lit dining-halls were converted into surgical wards. On upper floors the self-contained studies of a hundred and more embryo priests were prepared usually for one patient each, in times of great stress for two. A class-room had been magically metamorphosed into an operating theatre; a store into an X-rays room; a library into a first-class dispensary.

In the open quadrangle long huts, painted white inside, had been strongly built and fitted as surgical wards for half

a hundred cases. Reception rooms and parlours became offices. Forty-six years ago the corridors of this building echoed with the tramp of Prussians, for in the strenuous days of the last war, during his temporary occupation of the neighbourhood, the enemy had transformed this very *séminaire* into a hospital of his own.

Attached to the main building, and forming a bold corner of the hollow square, came



Mr. A. C. Marshall.

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the church—surely to-day unique as a sacred edifice, judged from the number of denominations it is called upon to house in turn. A magnificent structure, with bricked and vaulted ceiling, oaken stalls as pews, and superb windows, the church was divided by a white, hanging curtain so that the reredos and one-third of the aisle remained Roman Catholic. Here a French priest celebrated Mass soon after six every morning, and in the dark o' nights a faint glimmer from the Holy Lamp would from outside

Well to the rear of the hospital itself, set in the midst of an old-world garden, with aisles and alleyways of trained lime trees, was the camp in which the orderlies made their home. An ancient stable with tiled floor became their mess-room, the harness-room their kitchen. Military huts were provided, and a couple of marquees for sleeping quarters, each bearing a name of its own: "The Firs," "Casey's Court," "Arcadia," "Snuggery," and "Terra Nova," to mention a few.



A Peep at One of the  
Large Open Wards.

Photo:  
R. Sauval, Rouen.

light the blues and reds of the windows fantastically.

The remaining two-thirds of the aisle—a pretty, portable altar was placed near the curtain—was devoted mainly to Church of England services, and was in the charge of a resident Chaplain to the Forces. At intervals, however, this section of the sacred building was employed for the public worship of Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and the disciples of other creeds.

Across the lawns and shrubberies there came the quarters occupied in peace time by the professors, tutors and college personnel. These were converted into a Sisters' Home, and in one section came the doctors' rooms, with their mess below.

So much for the hospital itself, and sufficient has been written to prove the thoroughness with which the one-time college was adapted for the new part it was called upon by dire necessity to play. Mention must now be made of the peoples that went to make up the inhabitants of this British colony, set like an oasis on the outskirts of a Norman town, and point should be made of the fact that more than half of them three years ago knew little or nothing of wards and war, of hospitals and howitzers.

Primarily, there came the patients, a fleeting populace for the most part, here to-day and gone to-morrow, wayfarers passing from the battle-front to Blighty and halting for repairs *en route*. True, some,

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**A Corridor View.**

*Photo: R. Savat, Rouen.*

There are twenty-eight rooms on this floor, each holding a patient. In time of stress, mattresses and beds were placed in the corridor.

more scarred and maimed than others, would remain a full three months; others a month or two; the majority a week or fortnight. In times of great activity a few days would in most cases suffice to set patients on their road again—the road for home.

Wounded and battered, sick and sore, they came "down the Line"; local casualties—illness and accident cases from the immediate vicinity—helped to swell the throng, and the tide ebbed and flowed constantly, so that now we had beds to spare in every

ward, and in the course of a few hours there might be patients resting on emergency mattresses in the very corridors.

And out there we needed neither camp gossip nor newspaper to tell us when an offensive might be expected. The beginning of a forward move was heralded by a drastic evacuation. Right from the very front patients began to filter in turn through field dressing station, field hospital, casualty clearing station, and base hospital. Each opened wide its doors and flung out every case fit for ambulance train and hospital ship.

There was one night I am hardly likely to forget. We had cleared the wards to the dregs, as it were, and when we day workers went to bed the hospital might have contained two score patients, but not many more. Then, just before two o'clock in the morning, the camp was roused by three blasts upon a police whistle, a clarion call for every available man to turn out. A few minutes later the rush commenced.

First there came the "sitting" cases, patients who could stand, hobble, hop, or even walk. They had been brought from the ambulance train in London motor omnibuses and in chais-à-bancs from English seaside resorts—vehicles pressed long enough ago into this service of mercy. Most of the patients wore the mushroom-like trench helmet, but some possessed no head covering at all. Sleeves had been cut from many



**The Operating Theatre—once a Class-room.**

*Photo: R. Savat, Rouen.*

Upon occasions the work of the theatre continued day and night, with two tables in simultaneous use and a doubled staff.

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In Winter —

(A View of the Grounds and Part of the Hospital Front under Snow.)

Photo :  
R. Suval, Rouen.

a tunic; lots of sleeves were empty altogether, folded and tethered with a safety-pin. Blood and khaki; mud and khaki. Bandages and splints in every imaginable shape and form. Patients to whom some treasured souvenir of the battlefield was the one possession beyond the little they stood up in.

"Is it going all right, sir?" I asked an officer patient.

"Don't know," he laughed back cheerily.

"We went over the parapet at 7.30 in the morning, and at 7.35 I got this little packet."

He pointed to his right leg. The lower part of the breeches had been hacked off and the bandages extended from the middle of the calf well up beyond the knee. Another orderly and myself gave a two-handed seat and picked the patient up on our locked fingers and wrists, supporting his back with our free arms. It is not difficult to carry even a sixteen-stone man up stairs—when you know how!

Convoys are divided into two classes—sitters and liers. Sitters do not necessarily sit, but they can walk or at least make some form of progress on their feet. Liers are stretcher cases.

We got the sitting cases up the steps safely, and escorted them into the reception

room, where they occupied a double line of chairs with obvious relief. Each patient has tied to a button a card from the casualty clearing station recording his exact medical diagnosis, and upon arrival at a hospital particulars are taken from him for entry in the books—name, rank, regiment, age, religion, and so on. Then the O.M.O. (orderly medical officer of the day) passes down the line, examines the case card, and decides to which ward a patient shall be sent.

No sooner had we disposed of the sitting cases than the liers began to arrive. They came in fours in convoy cars, and there was little or no break between the cars. Four of our stalwarts formed the unloading squad and gently got the stretchers from the cars. We other orderlies were formed up in twos, and as a stretcher emerged a pair stepped forward and took it from the unloaders.

Up the steps and the stretchers are lowered without a jolt to the pavement under the cloisters in the quadrangle. The clerks pass along; then the O.M.O. "Ward 1," comes the order, and the two bearers are off with their burden. It is their duty to see the patient in bed and safely in charge of the sister.

"Ward D," the next. Two extra men

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step forward, for it requires four to take a stretcher up the stairs.

This patient has a red card as well as the white one—a dangerous case. "Get him X-rayed quickly," whispers the surgeon.

"Is it good enough for Blighty?" asks a patient. "You bet," smiles down the doctor, "when we've done a bit to help."

The very sight of a bed, with its figured counterpane and snowy sheets, sends some patients almost delirious with joy. One night I took two captains to a room that was fitted for a couple of patients.

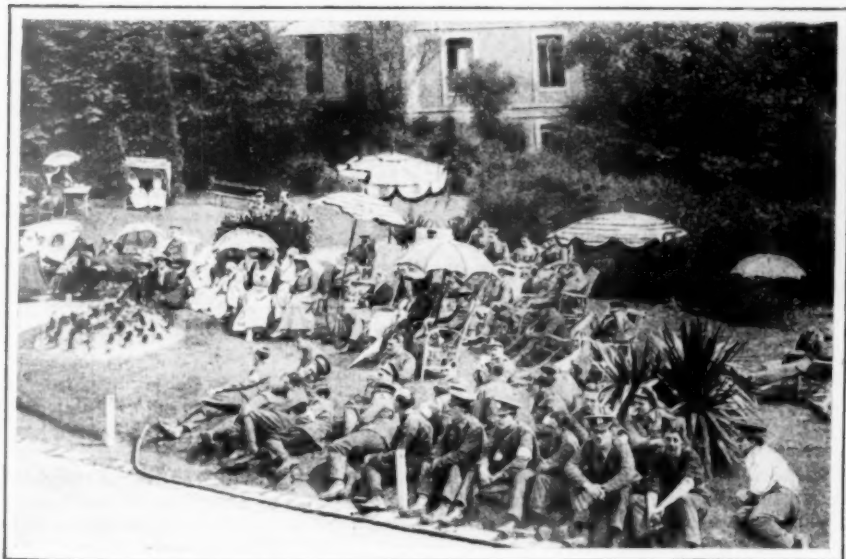
"By Jove, George!" I heard one new arrival say to the other. "It's a *real* bed. How long since you slept in a bed?"

"Fourteen months," came the answer.

It was grey break o' day when we orderlies got back to bed on the morning of which I have been writing. For about an hour and a half we had been literally bombarded with patients, and the hospital, instead of housing about forty cases, was so packed that we had the corridors lined with emergency beds and mere mattresses. There was coffee and biscuits for us shirt-sleeved workers that morning, and I think we earned the unexpected ration.

But, after this diversion, we must return to the personal census of the hospital, and next on the list after the patients we will place the doctors. There is an R.A.M.C. major, with many medal ribbons and long years of Army service, carrying the entire responsibility upon his broad shoulders as officer commanding—O.C., for short; he seems always to be near at hand when patients come or go; his signature appears on every form or order; he presides at Medical Boards; reads the lessons in church on Sundays; cheers or soothes the relatives who arrive post-haste from England—in fact, is the Atlas supporting the institution. Then there are the surgeons, the physicians, a bacteriologist, an anæsthetist, a Red Cross quartermaster, and so on.

On the nursing staff there are the matron, the night superintendent, and the sisters. The matron wears ribbons won in the South African war, and either she or the night super. are present when a patient dies. The sisters are trained and certificated nurses of long experience, several of them from Australia, Canada and other Overseas Dominions. Many and many a patient



—And in Summer.

(A Group of Patients with their Relatives; Medical Officers; Sisters, Nurses and Orderlies.)

Photo:  
R. Saval, Rouen.

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owes his very life not so much to the surgeon as to the sister, and the skill and self-sacrifice of these women is quite one of the most striking aspects of Red Cross work in France.

Less experienced than the sisters, but no less willing, are the V.A.D. nurses, for the most part gentlewomen who have forsaken lives of ease and leisure and comfortable homes to minister to the sick and maimed, to undertake tiring domestic duties in the wards, to make beds, clean floors, feed helpless cases, and perform a hundred and one other tasks either by day or night.

And the rest of the personnel is made up of mere men. There is an R.A.M.C. sergeant-major, a sergeant, and a corporal—not one of them with less than a dozen years' Army hospital experience—and after them the Red Cross orderlies.

Almost every profession and calling is represented in the ranks of the latter. There is a Nonconformist minister, two or three schoolmasters, gentlemen of means, a

in no sense does the Red Cross sap men from the Army, for "A" class eligibles are not accepted for service at all.

Broadly speaking, there are two main classes of orderly—the nursing orderly of the wards and the "pioneer," who performs the stretcher-bearing, does outside jobs, and is, in fact, the handy-man about the place. These classes, however, are to be subdivided very considerably, for there are orderlies in attendance in the operating theatre, a Red Cross corporal is the expert radiographer in the X-rays room, and the office clerks are Red Cross men. Going farther, there is an orderly in the linen store—a most important branch of hospital activity. The incinerator, in which all hospital refuse, dressings, and the gruesome aftermath of operations are burned, is in the hands of orderlies.

Orderlies wait at table in the medical officers' mess, and the various stores are kept by these Red Cross men, whilst the driver of the ambulance wears the same badge. One of them at least goes a-marketing in the town; another presides over the dairy, and each day sterilises a surprising quantity of milk; another will—in the intervals of stretcher-bearing—manage the garden, and transform the flower beds from the jumbled and be-ribboned colouring of the French into a more simple scheme that will unconsciously cause a patient to think of home when he is able, from an invalid chair on a



Hut  
Wards.

Photo:  
R. Saval, Rouen

Built by the Royal Engineers, and placed in the gravelled quadrangle of the seminary. Each hut holds more than a score of patients.

University professor, an artist, a journalist, a music-hall vocalist, a pharmacist, an ironmonger, a tailor, a commercial traveller, clerks galore, colliers, factory hands, cooks, cotton spinners, ships' stewards, and so on.

Only in rare cases, where some specialist knowledge makes them indispensable to the hospital, are they of military age and fit to serve with the Imperial Forces, so that

balcony, to realise that he has found a haven of rest after the storm.

Then there is a French *chef*, reinforced on the flanks by refugee girls from Belgium, who pare vegetables and wash up dishes and crocks; demure nuns who have charge of the seminary laundry, and sundry native women who char, clean corridors—and hold up their hands in dismayed horror when a



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patient bellows as he inhales the laughing gas that is administered preparatory to a surgical dressing.

So much for the purely personal side of this wonderful little community. Each section lives its own life. Orderlies and sisters work with one another, but socially the sexes are as much apart as though they had nothing in common. All meet on one ground in the ceaseless care of the patients, retreating afterwards to their own sequestered quarters.

And even though the orderlies are retained for the rough and often most unpleasant tasks of the hospital, it must not be imagined that their positions are always free from danger, even though the fierce bombarding guns that are heard thudding in the night are many, many miles from the base. There are other dangers in the zone of the armies besides shrapnel and gunshot, and a ward orderly is in touch with contagion in a variety of ways. Primarily, with so many surgical cases all around, there is the peril of septic poison. I have known a dozen orderlies to be under treatment for septic hands and fingers at once, for a surgeon to be in Blighty on sick leave from the same cause, and for a sister to lose a couple of her fingers through it. The greatest possible care will not always guard one against this insidious enemy, which attacks so swiftly. And, though infectious cases broadly go to hospitals with isolation tents and special provision, enteric, trench fever, and gas gangrene are not without hazard to those

who have to work closely in touch with them.

There was one occasion of which our mess will always feel proud. It was just at dinner-time, and the bulk of us were assembled round the table when the word came: "Who'll volunteer for transfusion?"

A patient who had lost a leg by amputation lay at the point of death. The femoral artery had given for the third time, and the hæmorrhage had been so severe that the poor, racked body was almost bloodless. Fresh, young blood was wanted, and every orderly in the room volunteered without exception. A quick and careful selection followed, and in the end the sergeant-major was chosen to

give the blood that saved the patient's life—a plucky feat, upon which he was afterwards personally complimented by Sir Douglas Haig himself, during a tour of inspection by the Commander-in-Chief.

Patients whose names figure upon the dread "Dangerous" list are allowed to have their relatives with them, and special passes and passports are provided by the War Office to enable these anxious ones to travel quickly. Down in the town there is a special Red Cross Hostel, where relatives may stay, under the care of a matron, a sister, and one or two of the versatile orderlies. There is a smart touring car, driven by a Red Cross lady, to meet them at the station and whisk them quickly to the hospital, and at any hour of day or night they can be fetched instantly to the bedside.



The Beautiful Gardens.

Considerably anglicised—tended by the ubiquitous Red Cross orderlies.

Photo: R. Stood, Rouen.

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From the hospital point of view, the presence of wife or mother can often change the course of an illness, or so cheer a wounded man as to give him the courage and determination necessary to pull him through. On the other hand, when all hope has been abandoned, it can but add to the burden of C.O., matron, and sister to have to comfort the stricken ones, and hospital workers who, though retaining their sympathies to the full, have become inured to the horrors of death itself, feel terribly the presence of grief and sorrow in the persons of the relatives. One can ease the dying moments of a patient with morphia, but there is nothing to offer a widow of five minutes but a silent pressure of the hand.

In a general sense, a Red Cross hospital is ever a place of cheery confidence and brightness. Boldly I have called this personal reminiscence of six months' service, "Hospitals Without Pain," and the title is not so far-fetched as one would imagine, for sheer, agonising pain is seldom to be witnessed, thanks to the high efficiency of modern surgery.

As a very humble orderly, I have sometimes been at hand when patients have passed to that bourne whence no traveller e'er returns. Soothed by matron and sister, they seem to me simply to have fallen asleep, the climax of a slow sinking, during which they have been given oxygen and everything that science and skill could devise either to prolong life or to ease its ebbing. In the same way, surgical dressings, when the wound is probed and the healing surfaces prepared, take place under a whiff or two of gas, and a very minor dressing, for which gas is not deemed necessary, may be provocative of more quick, actual pain than in the case of a really dangerous wound.

So far as the operations are concerned, it must be borne in mind that the patients in a Red Cross hospital are men who have been fit, strong, active, and thoroughly healthy. There is none of the morbidness of a long, painful illness, and any number of the men I have helped to carry from bed to operating table have been ready to crack a joke with the anaesthetist. One man, I remember, distinctly apologised for coming to the theatre without first getting shaved.

Many other pictures crowd into my mind.

There is the chaplain, the sergeant-major, and an orderly going through a heterogeneous mass of oddments from a mud-stained valise. They are making an inventory of the contents—so much money, photo of a lady in silver case, compass, safety razor, two blankets, and so on. All these things are packed up in a clean, new sack, and the points where the mouth is tied are sealed with some special device. Or the label under the address is the C.O.'s signature, and up above in bold letters one reads: "Deceased Officer's Kit."

And once I remember a mere lad coming in with a bad back wound. We got him into bed from the stretcher by lifting him bodily on the blanket, and when he was comfortably settled he looked round. Then, despite his wound, he started up in bed, and, extending a hand, pointed to the patient next to him: "Is that you, Jack?" he whispered tensely.

It was simply one of the romances of the war—two brothers meeting in adjoining beds in hospital. And one of them had come from far Australia, so that his own kin was stranger to him.

Then I can see the padre in his khaki and Sam Browne belt, writing letters for a helpless case or acting as regimental censor for the personnel of the hospital, a huge pile of indifferently written correspondence before him; I can see him in the early morning in surplice walking along the corridors with the Holy Communion, and a Red Cross orderly stands stiffly at the salute as he passes.

There are many more memories of six packed months. For one thing, there was that tall, fine sister who became wife to the patient she nursed—but that is quite another yarn. There is that corner of the cemetery, with its sweeping curves of graves, each surmounted by a plain wooden cross recording the name, regiment or unit, and the fateful date.

And once when I helped with a stretcher on which lay a still form under the Union Jack, a maimed, bandaged officer struggled painfully to his feet from an invalid couch and stood rigidly at attention as we slowly passed, an unforgettable token of respect from one brave man to another, who had made the supreme sacrifice for King and country.

# THE SECRET HOME

The Story of an Empty House

By BRENDA ELIZABETH SPENDER

THE house was an empty one, two or three estate agents had stuck bills printed in divers colours upon the window-panes, and on boards like solidified flags leaning tipsily over the uncut privet hedge, and yet John Finnan could have sworn that he had seen a woman kneeling down or crouching by the bow window of the front room in the momentary glimpse of the house that he had caught as he passed the narrow gate. She had not looked an ordinary woman either, as ordinarieness goes in North-east London, for she wore a wide black hat and a great ermine collar turned up about her throat. She would have been notably well dressed in the West End, and he had seen her kneeling on the floor of a shabby little house in Trevor Place. He began to doubt whether he could really have seen her at all, and, doubting, his brisk pace slackened.

A hard-worked London doctor with a poor practice, and a wife and children to consider, has little enough time for dreaming dreams and seeing visions, and John Finnan was not at all inclined to suspect himself of the habit, yet if he had really seen such a person there in such an attitude— He halted, turned on his heel, and went back—and I think, to be perfectly honest, I must admit that he was surprised to find her there.

She was standing up now, and, as their eyes met, the doctor's hard-bitten features grew red with shame at his own apparent curiosity. One of the sashes of the bow window was open at the bottom, and hat in hand he went towards it, for, being an Irishman, the situation did not strike him as beyond improvement.

"I beg your pardon—when I passed a moment ago you seemed to be in trouble; I am a medical man, you know, and under the circumstances I did not feel that I had the right to go by."

A slow smile began to move her lips apart as he spoke, and a light shone in her eyes as though some shutter between herself and the outside world had been drawn

aside. She came nearer to the open window, her head under the wide hat held a little on one side as though she mocked him playfully. He saw now that her hands were clasped before her in a great ermine muff.

"Don't apologise, it was very nice and human of you, Dr. Finnan." He stared at her, wondering how she came to know his name. "Besides, I am so pleased to meet you again."

An ungloved hand, as velvety soft as a child's, emerged from the great muff and reached out for his with an odour of something sweet like violets floating towards him as she moved. The doctor, tearing off his glove, felt himself an abject fool. He had not met so many great ladies in his busy life that he should have forgotten this one, and, besides, the curiously-shaped, deeply-lashed grey eyes and the sensitive mouth set in the small, pale face with its pointed chin, had a whimsical beauty of their own which should have kept their possession in a man's memory.

"Surely, if ever—I could not have forgotten!" he stammered, his Irish tongue turning the painful fact into a compliment.

She interrupted him.

"You have quite forgotten me—and yet! No, I don't think you have really forgotten, Dr. Finnan." Her mouth twitched oddly at the word.

"Mrs. Carter, by James! Mrs. Carter—Lady Carter, I mean, of course! Forgotten you?"

The doctor wrung the hand that had remained in his until the rings upon it must have hurt her, but she made no sign. He stepped back and looked at the number upon the fanlight over the front door.

"It's the old house, too, isn't it? Number Five?"

She nodded.

"It is the old house, too," she agreed, and was silent, losing her smile.

"A great deal of water has gone under the bridge for both of us since then, Mrs.

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Carter!" The remark was anxiously kind, but her face did not lighten.

"Not for me—really and truly outside changes are less than nothing. Sometimes, do you know, I fancy that I stopped living when we left this house, that for the last fifteen years I have been—just a body without a soul."

"Fifteen years!—surely it's not as long as that!" said the doctor. Inwardly he was telling himself that time had treated her kindly, and yet the alteration in her was great. It was not that her face was so much older than that of the young bride at Number Five, Trevor Place, who had been one of his first patients twenty years ago; you could not say of one feature of her lovely face that it had changed, all the resources of a woman of means had been upon her side in keeping even the signs of middle-age at bay, and yet she had become immeasurably older in the most subtle sense. He felt instinctively that most of the hopes and beliefs of the bride of twenty years ago had become impossible to the woman who stood before him leaning upon the side of the open window.

"I expect you are wondering what I am doing here—don't pretend that you are not. I always told you that I liked you for being human and having the small sins, didn't I? If you are not in a hurry, I should like to talk to you for a moment. I will open the door."

John Finnan knew well enough that at his own corner house, a couple of streets away, tea was already spread upon the dining-room table, the spirit-lamp burning blue under the singing tea-kettle, and his wife beginning to flush a little and interrupt her darning to look up and listen for his step on the pavement outside. He knew that he was probably jeopardising that half-hour between tea and surgery, when it was understood that his boys might interrupt their parents' fireside quiet to invite "Dad's" collaboration in the matter of Euclid and kindred difficulties; but happenings were rare enough in his life to make the elucidation of the mystery of Lady Carter's presence there worth the sacrifice, and, besides, what weighed more with him than that, the eighth sense which God gives to faithful doctors told him that she had need of him.

She let him in, and he followed her along the hollow-sounding boards of the narrow

passage and into the front room, and there, as he stood hat in hand facing her, he saw that she was slighter and more frail than ever, and that she was on the verge of tears.

"Of course, you don't remember"—her voice was wistful—"you must have so many such scenes to witness, but—this is the day when Sonny died."

She glanced around the darkening room, and her movement pointed the words. Finnan's mind leapt to the realisation of what she was seeing there—a little, humble sitting-room all in disorder, a sofa drawn up before the fire, a shabby young man who stood with miserable eyes and bit his lip, and a mother who held her child to her breast and defied even Death to take her darling from the shelter of her arms.

"Your name was the last thing he said—you remember?—'Dr. Finnan.'"

"My dear Mrs. Carter!" It was her voice, not the memory, which made him suddenly blow his nose. "I know that you can't forget, no mother ever does, but it is long ago and you have other great happinesses—your husband's success—you must be very proud of him—and his love for you."

"His love!" She shrugged her shoulders under her furs. "Of course, you have not met him for fifteen years. My husband has a great many interests now, he cannot be interrupted. When you knew us there were Sonny and I. He was not very successful then, was he? Perhaps if he had been Sonny might have stayed with us? Well, he has no interruptions now, and, as you say, he has earned a great success."

"In which you share." Finnan spoke a little sternly, and she appreciated the fact.

"I share in the results of his success. In what goes to the making of it—no!"

"Of course he could not let you have anything to do with the rough and tumble of commercial life—dear Lady Carter, the idea is ridiculous!"

He looked at her kindly, and laughed the laugh of the sturdily sane and reassuring. "I am positive from what I remember of Carter that all his private life is dedicated to you."

"As far as I know he has none. When he is not at the House or on a committee he is in his study with his secretary. But I did not want to see you to talk of that. I dare say if you have married that girl you

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were engaged to so long you know as well as I do that no man's heart is married for more than ten years."

"I have not discovered that, Lady Carter," he answered, and grew red.

She eyed him as though she thought him strange.

"I have never inquired after the practice," She spoke more lightly. "Was it the gold mine we used to prophesy?"

He shook his head.

"A work mine, Lady Carter! No, lots of the unessential things I thought that Time would bring me have not fallen to my share, but my wife and the boys are worth them all—fifty times."

"You have children?"

"Three boys—the eldest is on the *Con-way*." He was ashamed of his opulence, remembering the dead child whose memory had brought her there.

She sighed.

"I wonder if Mrs. Finnan would call on me, and you must come—that would be like old times."

"I am afraid that I can seldom get away from the practice, but perhaps Katie——"

"Ah, I wasn't trying to coax you West—I am not so vain as that—but I shall be a near neighbour when I am here."

"Here?" He repeated the word in his surprise.

"Yes, I am taking this little house again; I believe the rent is even less than it used to be when we lived here. I had to come to-day just to look at it, and when I found that it was empty the idea sprang up in my mind that I would take it and stay here now and then when we were not entertaining. I shall try and make it look just as it used to look then, the same sort of furniture—everything—do my own shopping and cooking and cleaning just as I used to, and tell myself that Dick is away on a journey, and Sonny a little older and gone to school, and both of them coming back soon. I shall pretend that it isn't fifteen years since I was alive, and—and I know you disapprove." The tears were running down her face now, but her lips were smiling, and the doctor in Finnan prompted him to watch for symptoms of hysteria. "You always used to say that I was whimsical—I remember once that you told nurse that you never had a patient with so many ideas, and you didn't think they were good for me."

"What about your husband? He wouldn't care for you to be here alone."

"He'll probably never realise that I'm not merely paying visits. Are you going to bring Mrs. Finnan to call on me?"

"I think I'd better," said the doctor, with an emphasis expressing at once his doubts of the suitability of her design and his own inability to persuade her to abandon it.

As a matter of fact, Lady Carter's project proved feasible to an extent which Dr. Finnan and his wife, even though she was an incorrigible optimist, had not at first thought possible. The little house, re-furnished with such close attention to its appearance of fifteen years ago, often stood shut up for a month at a time, but when the Carters were in town was generally inhabited for two or three days every week; and the woman who made it her refuge from the empty coldness of her real life grew subtly different while she stayed surrounded by her memories beneath its roof. Her face grew sadder perhaps, though her eyes were softer, as she busied herself with household tasks, her rings laid aside, a womanly apron such as she had worn in those early days of her marriage tied over what seemed to her a plain and inconspicuous frock, though it would have exceeded her dreams of magnificence then. At Katie Finnan's suggestion, she arrived no more in ermine or sables, for fear of attracting unwelcome attention, for Trevor Place, dully respectable as it was, stood in a somewhat unsavoury neighbourhood, and it came to be generally believed locally that she was an actress who often went on tour, a rumour which the Finnans, when at last it came to their ears, thought it just as well not to contradict. Perhaps there was just a slight element of very understandable selfishness in the Finnans' surprised satisfaction at the working out of the strange plan, for that particular district of the North-east has but few resident gentry, even in the broadest acceptance of the term, and it was something of a new experience to Katie Finnan to know intimately another woman her equal in refinement and more alive to the poetical and artistic side of life, more full of dreams and fancies than the doctor's wife had ever had time to be, however much she might have been inclined. It might have seemed impossible that Katie Finnan, with her smooth fair hair, her big sensitive mouth, her

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hands a little needle-worn, as her face was a little lined—because the practice had not turned out all that they had once hoped it would—with her tall figure whose outlines suggested the approach of middle-age, and her frank, blue eyes, which seemed to make her the contemporary of her sons, should ever have formed a great friendship with a woman so highly-strung, so emotional and impulsive as Irene Carter; yet the impossible happened, for they had both been mothers. Despite all his kindness, the life at the cheap little house in Trevor Place, the passionate grief for the child who had died so long ago, were incomprehensible to John Finnan, and seemed a part of the whimsicality of which he had accused little Mrs. Carter of Number Five so very many years ago, and which somehow Lady Carter in all her stately progress through high society had not been able to lose. To his wife they were comprehensible enough, and it was to her that Irene Carter showed all the secrets of the little house.

Those quiet days, filled with sewing, reading, the work of the little house, and more than all with dreams, with Katie and John Finnan's friendship, and the company of the Finnan boys, who had commenced a schoolboy worship of her, became to Irene Carter the real part of her life. The days she spent under her husband's roof grew to be strange to her. She confessed to Katie Finnan that sometimes at a dinner-party she found herself making modest household plans for Number Five which would have astonished the sleek and well-groomed humanity among which she sat.

"I just stopped myself in time the other day," she told Katie and the doctor one day as they sat over tea at the Finnans' house. "Lady Alberta Field was laying down the law about working-men's wives, and being so ridiculous that I just had to tell her about that dear, good, clean woman at Number Four. I began, 'The woman who lives in the top half of the house next to mine in Trevor Place'—Dick was there, and I saw him start and stare at me, and that stopped me in time. Fortunately, the footman announced some more people just at that moment, and she didn't hear."

"What did Sir Richard say?" asked Finnan.

She shrugged her shoulders.

'Nothing. I expect he blamed me for

calling attention to the poor, shabby, sweet past which we seem always to ignore."

John Finnan shook his head at her, but, though he thought her a foolish woman, his wife saw to it that he should pity her, and indeed Finnan was a kindly soul himself, and not blind to the pathos of Irene Carter's double life. When he passed the narrow gate, with a memory of the day when he had seen her kneeling in the empty room, he would always pause and look if he had not time to go in, and I must admit that when he did see anyone in the window of Number Five it was as often his wife or one of the boys as the tenant herself.

John Finnan's work, of course, often called him out at night, and it was on one such occasion when passing Number Five that he encountered a man in a long overcoat pacing to and fro before the row of little houses. He scarcely noticed him then; only when, a few nights afterwards, coming out of Number Five, where he had called to leave a message from Katie, who had a cold and could not come herself, he discovered him again morosely trudging the pavement, he recalled the fact that he had seen him there before.

"Now, what does he want?" said the doctor to himself, pausing for another glance back to the stranger before he turned at the corner of the street. "Has it leaked out about Irene's being there alone, and is he thinking of a bit of housebreaking? No, he'd never be such a fool as to advertise his presence like that. I suppose Carter hasn't found out what she's doing, and sent some manservant down to see that she's quite safe? Next time I come across you there, my fine fellow, we'll have a little conversation and clear the matter up."

Their interview, however, when it came to pass, was scarcely to be described as merely a "little conversation." Irene had been staying at a great house in Scotland. Her host was an important person whom it was good for her husband's career that she should charm, but the visit had tried her highly-strung nerves, and quite suddenly she had decided to have one night at least at Trevor Place before going home. She had telegraphed to Katie Finnan telling her that she was arriving at about half-past eleven, and Katie, late as the hour was, surmising that things had not gone well with her friend, insisted that she must be



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"This is Sir Richard Carter.  
This lady is my wife"—p. 311.

Drawn by  
Dudley Tennant.

at the little house with a fire lighted and hot tea ready to welcome her. Fortunately, John was free to walk round with her and carry her basket of provisions, but he expected an urgent call that night, and so was restless, and finally decided to go back home to wait for it.

"You must not bother about fetching me," said his wife. "I shan't mind walking home alone—after I've seen Irene—the least little bit."

She came with him to the door and kissed him, holding his face between her hands.

"God bless you, dearest, and good night,"

said the doctor, lifted his hat, and strode out into the street.

As he was lost to her sight behind the privet hedge of the next garden Katie Finnan shut the door of Number Five, and almost at the same instant the doctor became aware of the fact that the man in the long overcoat was once more patrolling the pavement in front of Number Five, Trevor Place. Thought and action were generally near together on Dr. Finnan's part, and almost before he had realised his own annoyance he had confronted the stranger.

## THE QUIVER

"Hallo, you're here again, are you, my friend? This is the third time I've seen you hanging about here late at night. I should like to hear your explanation."

The man said nothing for a moment, but one could tell that he had every intention of replying, that his answer, when it did come, would be all the more forceful for the silence which had preceded it.

"This is the second time that I have seen you leaving that house late at night. Let me have your explanation of that."

The voice was hoarse and strained, but Finnan scarcely noticed it, so engrossed was he in the absurdity of the man's words.

"My presence here requires no explanation. The lady who lives at Number Five is a friend of my wife's."

"You lie!" said the other; his hand shot out, and had not Finnan learned years ago, in the course of his work, to be ready for all emergencies, he would probably have found himself lying on the pavement. As it was, he ducked, and getting inside the other man's guard, forced his arms down to his sides.

"Why did you do that, you silly fool?" asked the doctor more affably than he had yet spoken, his silk hat on the back of his head, his eye-glasses dangling from their string, all his strength exerted to combat the other's struggles to free himself and strike again.

"I met Hamilton at the club just now, and he swore she was leaving the McGraths to-day; he has been staying there, too, but she wasn't expected at Portchester Square until to-morrow. I knew she would be here—with you."

"Portchester Square? You knew she would be here—by James!" The doctor gave his captive a sudden twist that forced him into the light of a neighbouring lamp. "If it isn't Carter—Sir Richard Carter, of course! I'm blessed! You miserable hound, is this how you spy upon your wife?"

"I have never spied upon my wife, as you put it," said Carter sullenly. "I never knew that she came here until a couple of months ago, when my solicitor, who did not know that she had kept taking the house a secret from me, let it out. It is the house where we lived when we were first married, but the district has gone down, and I did not like to think of her here by herself at night."

"So you came down to play guardian angel?"

"If you like to say so. Then—I saw you leaving the house, and I had my suspicions. I have tried to disbelieve the evidence of my own eyes, but now I heard what you said to her at the door."

"What I said to her at the door? Why, Irene isn't there."

"Liar again—and you call her by her Christian name—you—I dare say you think you are doing the chivalrous thing, but you're found out."

For a moment there was silence. Finnan let go his hold upon the other's arms, for the quarrel seemed to have gone too deep for mere physical force.

"What have you found out—what do you take me for?"

"My wife's lover."

For a moment the hoarse words meant nothing to the doctor. He, John Finnan, accused of being the lover of another man's wife? This was indeed an event outside his experience. He had been, in the course of his twenty years in the East End, the friend, perhaps the only friend, of many a woman sick and alone; not once or twice he had for a wife's sake taught a lesson not easily forgotten to a husband, if possible by the sharpness of his tongue, if necessary with the strength of his right arm. Naturally he had been reviled in various picturesque fashions and accused of many things, but his moral character it had never suited anyone, however angry with the Irish doctor, to assail. As a matter of fact, it had never occurred to him that as far as he was concerned the seventh commandment was frangible, and for the moment he was struck dumb by the accusation. Then he raised his own face to the light.

"Look here, Carter, you're mad! You know me well."

The other stared and his jaw dropped.

"It's Finnan—you of all men!"

The doctor laughed a trifle uncertainly.

"Now I suppose you'll take back all that rot you've been talking about me and your wife."

"Why should I?"

"But you know me!"

"So does she! It's no good, Dr. Finnan. I remember the night when the kiddy died—I couldn't speak to her—she turned to you."

## THE SECRET HOME

"Good heavens, Carter, have you been thinking this of your wife ever since then?"

"Things were never quite the same between us, but upon my word I never put it down to your influence before."

"But surely you can see that you're on the wrong track now?"

Carter was silent. He reached out two large hands and gripped the railing outside the privet hedge of Number Five as though he needed support. The doctor stamped impatient feet: in his own way he was a hot-tempered man.

"You take back your vile suggestion—what? Now that you see who I am?"

Sir Richard shook his head.

"Unfortunately—it is that which convinces me that I am right."

The doctor's teeth shut together with a snap.

"You will," he said, and there was a prophecy in the short sentence.

Sir Richard Carter found his arm seized by a man who knew how best to apply leverage to the human frame, and himself propelled unresisting to the door of Number Five. Finnan's thunderous knock brought Katie to the door, expectant, then astonished as her husband tumbled his accuser into the passage.

"Let us come in, Katie, this is Sir Richard Carter—this lady is my wife."

They were in the little sitting-room now, and, Finnan having released his arm, Carter bowed his grey head and stood, hat in hand, looking at Mrs. Finnan's open face, and from her to the humble, homely, long-ago familiar furnishings of the little room with a blankness of bewilderment.

Katie Finnan gave him a kindly hand.

"How do you do, Sir Richard—how did you find Irene out?"

Sir Richard stared, reading a meaning into the words which was fast becoming ridiculous, and Finnan exploded into explanations.

"The blithering idiot has got it into his head, Katie, that I'm here as—hang it all!—Irene's lover."

The little inarticulate cry John Finnan's wife made was eloquent of surprise and indignation. Her big, capable, work-roughened hand pushed its way through the bend of her husband's arm, and her fingers clung to his. She turned upon Sir Richard.

"You must be one of the wickedest men alive!" she said.

"He is also one of the biggest fools," said her husband. Katie Finnan took up the parable.

"You have neglected your wife, and then——"

"Pardon me!" Sir Richard raised a protesting hand and interrupted her. "Do you realise, Mrs. Finnan, that twenty years ago, when I was a small clerk in a shipping office, I brought Lady Carter to this very house after our marriage? You talk of neglecting my wife—I worked late and early for her, and I have given her position, money, a title—everything a woman could ask for——"

"Except sympathy."

"I don't understand you."

"It isn't success that has filled your life, it is work. Irene has nothing."

"She went into society—very clever at the game, too—I owe her a great deal there."

"And I expect that you have never told her so?"

Sir Richard's hard, grey eyes flashed a scrutinising glance at Mrs. Finnan's face.

"For some reason, Mrs. Finnan, you are anxious to find fault with me."

"It is no question of finding fault," said the doctor with cutting gentleness. "He isn't to blame, Katie, for the fact that he hasn't a heart excepting in the anatomical sense."

"To be married to a woman like Irene, and think that diamond ear-rings mean happiness!" exclaimed the doctor's wife, who had only possessed one diamond in her life, and that a little one which she wore above her wedding-ring.

Sir Richard's mouth twitched under the waxed moustache. He was understood to ask in a muffled voice what did "mean happiness" to a woman, and at that she softened.

"We will talk about that if you like, Sir Richard. John has to go back to his surgery, he expects a call, and Irene cannot be here for another half-hour, but he will not raise any objection to your waiting here with me, I am sure."

Sir Richard wheeled round towards the doctor, and his pallid face with its deep-cut lines grew red. He stammered.

"I—Finnan, I've made a fool of myself."

## THE QUIVER

I want to beg your pardon and your wife's. I should never have suspected you."

His eyes on the Finnans held a kind of wistfulness, and John Finnan interrupted him with a ready handshake.

Sir Richard came back after seeing the doctor to the door, and looked at Katie Finnan as she knelt before the fire engrossed in setting the singing kettle upon the glowing coals.

"You are going to tell me what makes a woman happy, Mrs. Finnan," he said, as he turned to shut the door.

Katie rose, flushing from the fireglow or from an embarrassment she would not acknowledge. It made her look curiously young, one forgot her wide hips, the lines about her mouth and eyes.

"Love makes a woman happy," she asserted, "and being wanted."

Sir Richard shut his mouth under the grey, waxed moustache.

"Very pretty, Mrs. Finnan, probably true for you and Finnan and a few more such lucky people. Looking back, I can only say that where Lady Carter and myself are concerned it scarcely seems to have much application. I suppose she told you that we lost our only child, a boy—it pretty well broke things up for both of us—all the more because if my salary had been good enough to enable us to move him to a better climate he might have lived. After that I just set my teeth, I let nothing stop me, and I made good. I thought that it would be the one thing I could do for Irene—to make up——" His voice broke, and he stopped abruptly. Katie Finnan's face grew very kind.

"I wish you would come upstairs with me and see something, Sir Richard."

"I am in your hands."

He inclined his head and followed her in silence up the narrow stairs, but when she paused to unlock the door of the sunniest room he spoke again.

"This was the boy's nursery—she would have one, even here."

"I know." Katie Finnan threw open the door for him to enter. There was a silence, then he turned to her, and his face and figure, despite their well-groomed air, looked old.

"I don't understand," he said.

A child's cot stood in a corner of the room, there were toys on the cheap chest of

drawers, on a nursery fireguard hung little clothes, and a tin bath stood against the wall in a corner with a bath blanket, apparently spread out to dry, thrown over it.

"But other people have lived here since?" he asked.

Katie nodded, arranging the little clothes on the fireguard with tender hands.

"Of course—she kept all Sonny's own things—the furniture she bought again. I know it seems a mad whim, this little house, but, oh, Sir Richard, she has been so lonely. She thought you had forgotten Sonny, that you only cared for getting on—her life at Portchester Square had no love in it, nothing that spoke of the boy, so she came back here to dream that she had you both still."

Sir Richard's face worked.

"My poor Irene," he said, and, following the gesture Katie made, saw his own photograph as a young man in the old frame, worn and battered, in which he had given it to her, upon the mantelpiece. He drew a deep breath. "What can I do, Mrs. Finnan—has the time gone by?"

Katie shook her head.

"Let her feel that she has you still, and— and tell her what the boy's death meant to you, and—all you have told me now. Come here with her, it is your memory as well as hers—why not share it?"

Through the silence that followed the bell at the front door rang sharply, startling them both a little.

"What is it—Irene?" asked Sir Richard. "She may not like to find me here."

"Go down," said Katie Finnan, "and welcome her—home."

Sir Richard turned at the door and stood crimson-faced before the doctor's wife.

"You will not tell her what I thought—said to your husband?"

"Never. But I think that you will be happy enough to tell her yourself some day."

Sir Richard went, and the doctor's wife, anxious, for all her show of courage, listened to the sounds in the hall below.

There was an exclamation in Irene's voice, a hurried word or two in Sir Richard's, and then from a deep silence a long, half-sobbing sigh of utter and almost unbelievable content. And at that her heart grew light, and, stepping very softly, she went to wait in another room, knowing that the husband and wife must come hand in hand now to the inmost heart of the secret home.

# ALL RIGHT !

A Message from the Men at the Front

By the Rev. G. E. DARLASTON, M.A.

Mr. Darlaston spent three months in France in connection with the Y.M.C.A. and had unusual opportunity of getting into close personal touch with our men at the Front. He gives his impressions of the life out there as the soldier finds it.

**T**ELL them I am all right."  
"Tell them I am getting on fine."  
"Tell them not to worry about me."  
"Tell them I am quite happy. The only thing I want is a bit of leave."

These are the definite messages I was asked by men at the front to convey to parents and friends at home.

## "Tell Them I am All Right!"

I had been at one centre right up behind the battle-lines for about two months, where I had the opportunity to come into fairly close contact with a large number of men. They were of all classes and from many different places. And when it became known that I was coming home, most of those whom I had got to know quite intimately asked me to go and see their people, or if that was not possible, to write to them telling them something of the actual life which I had been sharing with them. I returned as the bearer of all kinds of messages; but apart from particular cases and details, there was one persistently reiterated word: "Tell them I am all right."

It is curious that so general and vague a word should demand a personal messenger. It was easy to understand why some messages should be conveyed by a third person. There is no love of the censorship among the soldiers, and for many men the thought of someone overlooking their private letters checks the freedom of their writing on many things that are altogether foreign to the affairs of the war. Just as I found men hesitate to trust money into envelopes which had to be left unsealed, firmly believing it would be "pinched," so I found those who couldn't put themselves into their letters, or write of the intimate things of the heart, or tell their thoughts, because they knew that the letters would be read by a third

person. And yet here was a message which was as general as it was innocent.

No, it was not the censorship in this case that they were trying to avoid. It was the unbelief of their friends that they were trying to overcome. They had said the same thing a hundred times in letters, but they had never been able to make their friends believe or accept it. They knew that their friends suspect them of hiding things and of not telling all, of glossing over with a meaningless generality what would have increased their anxiety.

Much as I might desire to ease the anxieties of parents and friends, I honestly believe that if they could see the men as they are, if they could participate in their duties and share their life, their anxieties would not be nearly so poignant and persistent as when they are left to their own imaginings. I doubt whether I shall be able to say anything in this article which will convince them, but a visit to the front has convinced me that there are many experiences that are easier to go through than they are to watch at a distance. Going through them makes a difference to our condition, and in that different condition we can do and bear what we could never have endured in our original condition.

## It is Quite True

It is that difference of condition that we forget when we think of our loved ones. It is that which we cannot imagine. We put ourselves in their places, and to some extent imagine the appalling circumstances, but we cannot so easily put ourselves into their condition. It is as though a child were plucking wild flowers on a bank of nettles; you think of that soft skin all stung and blistered, and you spring forward to snatch it away, and then you find that the child is

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wearing a leather glove, and a large proportion of your fear has been for nothing. And so, when the men at the front say, "Tell them at home that we are all right," it is not merely to hide things that would increase anxiety. In a strange way it is quite true that they are all right.

Except for certain terrible moments and hours, the actual experience is not so bad as the distant imagining. I do not under-rate the horror of the battle, the ghastly sights seen, the revolting beastliness of the soldier's duties at times. I doubt whether any normal imagination can truly picture this. And yet, whether it is for good or evil, I have no doubt that the soldier takes into those circumstances something in the protection of which they are not quite the same as at the distance we fancy.

### We are Anxious for Ourselves

This is one consideration that we might bring to bear on our anxieties. Another is that a considerable portion of our anxiety pertains as much to ourselves as to those for whom we are anxious. A great deal of it is due to the fear of our own loss, the possibility of our own deprivation. It is what we shall suffer as much as what they may suffer that sets us quivering. It cannot but be that there is always a core of self-regard in our grief. People who would think that a hard thing to say, yet admit the truth of it in the hour of death. Then we say, "We mourn not for him, but for ourselves." As Shakespeare put it:

"Duncan is in his grave;  
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

And again, in the mouth of Hamlet to his stoical friend Horatio:

"Absent thee from felicity a while,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my story."

Obviously in the hour of death it is not the dead but the living that suffer. In the same way what a mother or a wife suffers during an anxious, sleepless night is not necessarily an indication of what the loved one suffers. Our suffering is not necessarily a facsimile of theirs. The common root of anxiety is quite as much, if not more, in a concern for ourselves as it is in a concern for the other. And though it is no light or easy thing to commend, if we will be brave enough to pray that everything of selfishness may be taken from our grief, every

merely self-regarding concern from our anxiety, then we shall stand in these terrible days sublime above the surging sorrows, and with a strength not our own, lead others in the true way.

The life of the men at the front is a drab life, a grey life, or, more literally, though it means the same thing, a khaki life, on occasion splashed with red and lit with fire.

### The Outsider's Point of View

To an outsider, except for those occasions, it is a monotonous round of duties, a monotonous series of fatigues, and a more pleasantly monotonous spell of rest-times. At the front everything is against a dreary background of ruin and desolation. There is a certain sameness over everything. At first sight the men themselves appear almost featureless. They take on the colour of the earth in which they live. Coming out of the trenches on a hot summer day, their shrapnel helmets white with the chalk, their boots and puttees thick with the dust, and the dust clinging to their clothes, men seem almost to blend with the white roads along which they march. It is the same on a wet, wintry day, only mud takes the place of the dust. The trench helmets come well over the brow, almost covering the eyes, and casting a shade across the bronzed and often dusty faces, so that it is not at all easy to distinguish men whom you know. As Kipling says, "Men haven't a name, but only a number," and that somehow corresponds with the way in which the individual is lost in the group, and the group merged in the material surroundings in which they live.

But this is the outsider's view, and from a distance it is very difficult to come right inside that monotone and estimate critically and exactly what is underneath it. But when you do get under it you find it very different from what you imagined. To be sure, men do "grouse" and grumble, but this in itself is not a sufficient indication of their life. If we agree that that is the Englishman's right, it is pre-eminently the soldier's privilege, and this, like the swearing, needs particular assessment.

The grumbling has mainly to do with little annoyances which in the long perspective do not matter much—things like lice and rats and a monotony of rations, the bearing of some very junior officer, or the wrath of an officious sergeant. As a matter of fact,



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which everybody notices, there is far more boredom and grumbling among the men in the base camps than there is among the men in the line. And of the great things—of wounds, and death, and serious perils, I have never heard men grumble about these things. Beneath that colourless monotony there is something hidden which makes all the difference between the appearance of it and the fact of it.

There is a great wealth of comradeship, a great loyalty to each other, a great determination to play the game; for the most part there is plenty to do, and there is a great idealisation of Home and "Blighty."

### The Positive Things

Now, whatever it may appear, life can never be monotonous when it is filled with such positive things as these. Friendship is a plant that invariably grows its fairest in the hard soil of adversity, and life at the front is full of the most magnificent friendships. I used to look out for the men who came up in new drafts and introduce them to more experienced people. It was positively touching to see the way in which men would take to others with a promise to keep an eye on them. And then, a week or two afterwards, when the newer man came back from his first experience of trench life, it would invariably be with words of gratitude for the way in which the promise had been kept. And even in the terrors of an attack, when it would appear that every man must look after himself, the same thing comes out.

Among the men themselves—and it comes out continually in their conversation—the greater heroism is not in killing enemies but in saving friends. One of the most

pathetic things is to talk with a man just back from "the push," to see the cloud on his face and the tears in his eyes as he talks of dead friends.

"The worst of all," said one man, "was to listen to the roll-call."

"I cudna leave him," said another, "and I wadna." And from the story I could imagine the speaker, himself bleeding,

crawling through the mire of shell-ploughed fields with his half-dead friend upon his back.

"What did you think about?" I said, trying to examine the mind of an intelligent young corporal who had been telling me his tale. He answered, "I don't know; I'd got to look after my young officer." He was only twenty-three himself; but his officer had only just come out, and the terrible peril in which he stood was forgotten in the care of the man who was down.

Now if people at home could only imagine that kind of thing as part and parcel of the experience of the men at the front, I believe that, while their anxiety would not be removed, its quality would be changed. At any rate, as I have been ad-

mitted a little way into the experiences of the men, I feel that even when the worst comes to the worst, there is more to admire than to be sad about.

### What Counts

I can see now that my own anguish has been most poignant when I have been thinking of myself, of what I might lose, of my friends and what they might lose, not as I have thought of the men themselves and what they go through. Certainly there is a hardening process which comes through



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use and wont, but, beyond this, there are qualities, thoughts and purposes which enter in, making those experiences altogether different for the men actually passing through them, from what they are as we imagine them. We may be sorry for ourselves and sorry for our friends, but for these men there is something richer and deeper than sorrow. There is admiration that often swells up into reverence, there is affection and the truer pride; and these all set in faith and framed in the Christian hope.

If there is anything to inspire us to a quiet courage and a calm mind, altogether free from stupid invective and hot, thoughtless speech or dreary despair, it should be the splendid good cheer, the patience and the faithfulness of the men. If people could only see their boys and their men-folk, they would feel that they had been a little unfair to them in letting fear and anxiety occupy so large a place in their thoughts of them. While if they could get into their minds and know their feelings, and be able to appreciate how mind and feelings have adapted themselves for the time to the circumstances in which they live—then, when the message comes, "We are all right," they would believe it.

### The Home-Feeling

The constant desire that their people at home should not be overwhelmed with anxiety is significant of the loyalty and love with which they think of Home. Home, that is in the immediate background, and often in the forefront, of every mind. Everything at home is idealised beyond all description. It is the holy, inviolate thing. There are no words for their thoughts of it. Fathers and mothers are put on high pedestals; and sisters—! There is nothing that shines through the spaces with so blessed a light as the faces of mothers; and time and again men have spoken of their fathers with something in words and tone that showed their sense of what they owed to them. Is it because in word and letter men have broken through that reticence which is our common and foolish characteristic and shown their heart to their sons? There was one hymn that in the Sunday evening singings after service, men, crowding round the piano, asked for and sang over and over again—the hymn "for absent friends":

"Holy Father, in Thy mercy  
Hear our anxious prayer;  
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,  
'Neath Thy care."

And always in prayer during services the slightest allusion to home would bring a hush the strain of which was almost too heavy to bear.

That home-feeling is a tremendous factor in the lives of these men. It is heightened by absence, revulsion from warfare, and the fear of death; but it is the great anchorage of many hearts that have little or no conscious religious faith. A man just back from the Somme, where he was recommended for a ribbon, said: "They can keep all the D.S.O.s, and V.C.s too, if they will only let me go and see my missus and kids." And then he added: "Then they can send me where they like." In the minds of many, many men a visit home is worth a wound, and even a serious wound. Men who have been frightfully mangled have grinned up at their doctor or waved to their comrades, "A Blighty one this time!" So great a price are they prepared to pay for their ticket!

### Do we Deserve it?

There is a moral to this. Are we worth it? Do we deserve it? When they do come home, will they be disappointed? No fancy-painted picture of a good thing is nearly so good as the actuality of it. To many of us home is a far better thing than our highest anticipations. It is only when our anticipations go in the direction of the bad things and the indifferent that the actuality of them is a disappointment. We must have our homes in order against the blessed day of our sons' return, not merely in the matter of material things and creature comforts, but in the things of the spirit.

People speak as if they looked to the men returning to make the new England. They will be very weary and tired. It is those who have had the time to think and the heart to feel who must do that. Would that through the discipline of great sorrows the homes of the rich and the homes of the poor might be so good that on their return the men from the front may recognise that the actual thing far exceeds all their anticipations and all their dreams!

(Next month Mr. Darlaston will write on "Religion at the Front.")



# A CASTLE TO LET

by

## Mrs BAILLIE REYNOLDS

### CHAPTER X

"CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME."

ABOUT four o'clock the following afternoon the mule cavalcade, consisting of Miss Purdon, Miss France, Marston, Reed and Erwald, emerged from the wood and took their way towards the castle.

Marston was, as has been shown, a self-possessed person, but she did hate mule-back, and her English heart did sink at sight of the remote spot in which her eccentric young mistress had elected to pass her holiday.

Camiola, on the other hand, could not repress her delight. She felt as though, in achieving her purpose, she had trampled down an opposition none the less real because impalpable. Her haste to leave

the Blaue Vögel was increased by the fact that Miss Purdon, although sleeping in Marston's room, had been troubled last night with another affrighting vision, induced, as the girl supposed, by their temerarious intrusion into the watch-tower itself.

They had duly accomplished much shopping in Hermannstadt the day before; had dined there, and, returning between nine and ten o'clock at night, had stopped the car at Szass Lona, Miss Purdon and the captain waiting while Camiola went in to make inquiries. Frau Maldovan was still alive, and that was all that could be said.

Camiola had her agreement with her, and the General, who was sitting in his study, willingly read it for her. He said it was a fair agreement, advised her to sign it, and himself witnessed the signature.

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Irmgard, looking sadly wan, crept away from the sick-room to give her friend one kiss, and her father informed her that Camiola had taken Orenfels for the rest of the summer.

Irmgard broke down into tears at this news.

"I have been dreading—dreading every day to hear that you were going away," she sobbed, clinging to Camiola. "It has turned so hot, and I knew it must be stuffy at the Blaue Vögel, and each time I saw you I thought it would be the last. Now you are fixed at Orenfels, and though it is a good way off, still you are within reach. We can have news of each other, and I feel that you are near, which is such a big consolation."

Camiola held her close, whispering words of sympathy and comfort, mingled with assurances that she would come whenever summoned, and do anything to help. Then, as her friends were awaiting her, she said good-bye and slipped away, cheered immensely by Irmgard's approval.

"I thought," she told Mizpah, as they sped towards Hldestadt, "that she would think it too far off, but she doesn't. If I were going to be here longer I would have a telephone installed. That would make things easy. But it would be a business getting those wires up the hill."

At daybreak a whole string of pack-mules had gone up to the castle carrying luggage, bedding, and many other things. Camiola was eager to see what Bertha had accomplished in the way of preparations. She had yesterday selected the rooms they would occupy—the oriel for herself, a room adjoining for Mizpah, and a small one across the passage for Marston.

This time there was no need to knock for admission. The little door in the gate stood open, and within could be glimpsed a litter of straw and empty cases. The legend "*Zu vermieten*" had been removed, and "*Eintritt, 1 Mark*" no longer appeared above the little shutter in the porter's lodge.

This trifling change was pleasing to Camiola, and it was with light feet and heart that she stepped over the bottom of the gate and entered her domain.

"I wonder," said she aloud, "if we could get the big gates to open? They look as if they had not moved on their hinges for centuries."

This matter was not, however, urgent.

She hastened forward up the curved steps and entered the dining hall.

She uttered an exclamation of keen pleasure.

The whole place had been, as it were, miraculously polished in one night. The old oak shone. Huge logs blazed upon the hearth, and, hot as it had been in the town below, the fire seemed pleasant here. Bertha had produced and laid down fine old faded Persian rugs, which she usually kept rolled up in cupboards. There were flowers upon the glossy table; and a huge tabby cat, finding a soft rug and a warm hearth, had curled herself up to sleep in a manner which suggested domesticity and comfort.

Upstairs ran the happy, excited Camiola and peeped into her drawing-room with the oriel. Here, too, was the delicious, acrid odour of wood fire—here, too, the floor had been covered with rugs, some Oriental, some of wolfskin and bearskin. Here, too, were flowers and cleanliness.

In the bedrooms the same order prevailed. Things had been unpacked and put in their places as if by the hand of a good fairy. Miss Purdon could not believe her eyes; and Marston heaved a sigh as she laid down her mistress's travelling bag with the remark:

"Well, miss, I will say as things might have been a deal worse!"

Camiola, laughing, hardly waited to hear her, running down again fleetly to find Frau Esler and express her satisfaction. Meeting on the wide oak stair a couple of rosy girls in curious-looking frocks, she divined that these were members of her new household, and gave them greeting in a manner which caused them to blush and beam and run away in an access of unbearable shyness.

Just as she entered the dining hall Frau Esler also came in from the kitchen entrance. Camiola poured out her pleasure and satisfaction with many *prachtworts* and *reizends*. The gloom upon the good woman's brow did seem to lighten a little at this spontaneous tribute.

"I am glad if the *hochwohlgebornene* is pleased," she said primly. "I was coming to ask if I should send up tea to the drawing-room?"

"Yes, please," Camiola agreed with satisfaction; "that will do beautifully."

"I also wish to say," went on Bertha, with the air of much disliking her message, "that, as the young girls are far too shy to wait upon you, and your own servant can-

## A CASTLE TO LET

not be here for several days, my nephew will bring in your supper. I am aware," she added hurriedly, "that in future the Herrschaften will dine late in the English fashion, but for to-day I have been so busy that I have only been able to prepare supper for them."

"You have worked wonders," replied this complaisant mistress, "and supper will do quite well for to-night, until our silver and things are here. I shall be much obliged to your nephew if he will help as you suggest, and, of course, I will pay him well."

The final words seemed to wipe out the good effect made by the rest of her speech. Bertha frowned heavily as she turned away with a curtsy; and when she frowned she was really a very forbidding-looking woman. She turned back at the door to ask at what hour they would like to have supper served. Then she went out.

When they had explored upstairs a little, the two ladies repaired to the drawing-room, where they found a small table placed in the oriel, with tea neatly set out.

Reed and Marston, both very uncomfortable and wholly on the defensive, were dispatched to the society of Erwald and the new maids in the servants' hall.

"They will soon learn a few words, or insist upon teaching the others a little English," said Camiola. "It is awfully good for them all. Oh, how glorious the sunshine is here! What a prospect! Just look at Iddestadt! It is like the enchanted city in a fairy tale, or a bit of the Middle Ages cut clean out and put here for our joy and satisfaction. See the old walls, zigzagging up and down hill, and the darling little pepper-pot towers! I can just descry the low, dumpy battlements of the watch-tower, Mizpah."

"Don't show it to me! I want to forget it," replied the lady with a shudder. "I have just remembered what it makes me think of. It is exactly like the Dark Tower in 'Childe Roland.'"

Camiola, seated in the window with the westerling sun making a halo for her hair, clapped her hands gaily together. "Mizpah, you are clever," she declared, and proceeded to quote:

"'Burningly it came on me all at once!  
This was the place!  
What in the midst lay but the Tower itself?  
The round squat turret, blind as the fool's heart,  
Built of brown stone, without a counterpart  
In the whole world!'

"That's it, of course. Only this one is square, not round—but blind and squat! Oh, yes, it is the place, and all the brave adventurers of the ages have been lost there—have gone in, yet never come out, as you saw in your dream. But that has not been our fate, Mizpah! We at last are the fairy prince! I wonder whether there is a family prophecy about us! I must ask Captain von Courland. He says they had a curse laid upon them that nobody should inherit in the direct line for ten generations: and nobody has."

"Now don't, I beg of you, Camiola, go making me feel creepy when I am just beginning to breathe more freely," said Mizpah, half laughing, half vexed.

"Creepy? It is not creepy! It is just delightful! Captain von Courland says I have come to turn the family luck," cried the girl. "It is simply fascinating. You know how, in the old adventure stories, everything conspires to prevent the rescuer from approaching! Dogs with eyes as big as mill-wheels guard the treasure, leaping flames make a circle round the sleeping maiden, thickets grow up on the hill-side and shut out the palace from view! I feel as if that is so with me, and I can't just tell you why. I have had no difficulties—I have secured my castle with very little trouble; and yet I feel as if there had been forces working against me, as if there were somebody hostile, somebody who wanted the old place to stay desolate, who is against me in an odd way which I cannot yet discern."

She spoke dreamily, her eyes upon the rose-garden below. "It is all so like a story," she murmured. "I cannot somehow believe it to be real. These gardens are like the illustrations for 'Beauty and the Beast.' I could fancy a horrible creature lurking behind the bushes, who will approach when I pluck a rose and tell me that by my simple action I have given myself into his power! Heigho! I wish I wrote stories, Mizpah! What a place this would be for a novelist, only perhaps he would say: 'Really, I think the local colour is laid on almost too thick. A modern audience wouldn't stand this—what?'

Miss Purdon had to laugh at her swift mimicry of a certain modern novelist who lived in terror of putting anything into his work which would involve the use of his readers' imagination.

"How you do run on, Camiola! And the

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other day Mrs. Archer said to me, 'Miss France seems a nice girl, but she is very silent, is she not?'

Camiola laughed contentedly. "Poor old Mizpah, you'll never get any credit for all you have to endure. Now I am going upstairs to insist that Marston forthwith produces writing materials, and I am going to write to Uncle Arnold and to Neville to come at once. I shall also command Neville to bring Betty with him. I am sure that she and Captain von Courland will get on well together, and she has quite a creditable *dot* into the bargain. She can bring a maid; there are plenty of little funny rooms where we can put maids. Oh, dear, these gardens do beckon me, but I will be sternly virtuous and write my letters first. The *Briefträger* starts off down the hill at five o'clock these summer mornings, so they tell me, when there are any letters to carry. He will be worked off his feet during the next month or two, will he not, poor soul?"

She opened the door and left the room, singing to herself.

Stepping from the drawing-room door, one stood upon a square landing; opposite was the door of the long gallery, approached by a flight of four oak steps, curved, like the stone ones in the courtyard.

The gallery was the pride of the castle, and was panelled in its whole extent with finely carved wood. In the panels were some family portraits, not, to be sure, of a high order of merit, but good enough to be interesting.

Along this gallery walked the new mistress, humming softly to herself, and passed out into a farther landing, whence opened her own room and Mizpah's.

She found Marston at work unpacking—evidently the difficulty of communication with the foreign maids had cut short the coffee drinking.

Finding a charming table in black wood with elaborate carving and claw feet, Miss France sat down and wrote her letters. When she had done, and had superintended Marston's arrangements, it was time to change her dress.

Marston had laid out a rose-coloured ninon, and though she thought it rather full dress for the occasion, she would not put her maid, who had had a hard day, to the trouble of producing another. She sat down to have her hair arranged before a glass in a frame of black carved wood—a glass which had in all probability reflected the

faces of the ladies of the Vajda-Maros for two or three centuries. Its merits were more of the artistic than the practical order, and she had to consult her own hand-glass for details.

Nevertheless, she loved that mirror, and determined that it should be brought from its seclusion upon the darkest wall of the room and placed before a part of the big mullioned window upon the table which matched it. There was another handsome table in red lacquer which she could use for her writing.

She was charmed with her room, and was anticipating, with shivers of delicious apprehension, how she would feel when lying in that huge bed under that dignified canopy. Miss Purdon had insisted upon a modern bed, and the fine old four-poster from her room had been moved into another, but Camiola felt as if, to taste the full flavour of her castle, she must sleep in the appropriate bed.

At seven o'clock a horn blew, and the ladies, rightly supposing that this was their dinner bell, looked at each other and laughed. "Childe Roland again," said Camiola mischievously.

As she descended the slippery oak stairs, the girl felt rather incongruous—her soft, vaporous draperies were, she felt, not the right thing. It ought to have been brocade; that would stand alone when you stepped out of it. Before the sideboard, exactly facing her, stood young Esler, watching her advance. He was attired in the full costume of the Identhal—and very becoming it was. The snowy shirt, cut very full, served as a tunic, hanging in folds to the knees, and held in at the waist by a broad belt of scarlet leather. Below were tight trousers, or leggings, of white cloth. The whole effect was extremely picturesque.

As her eyes met his she encountered the resistance, the challenge, of which she had before been sensible, and because this vexed her she dashed into talk.

"How funny to have no doors at the foot of the stairs! I think we must import a big screen, otherwise, when the weather turns cold, we shall be blown away!" said she to Miss Purdon in English. Then, in German, to Esler: "What are these funny little low gates for at the foot of the stairs?" she asked.

"They were to prevent the dogs from going upstairs," replied the young man with a start. "Many dogs were kept, and



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"She sprang to her feet. . . . 'Oh, how  
you startled me!' she exclaimed"—p. 353.

Drawn by  
A. G. Michael.

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they used to be allowed in the dining-hall, but no farther."

They seated themselves, and he put before them clear soup with tiny balls of potato in it. It was quite excellent.

This was followed by a plate of carefully sliced sausage, garnished with delicious salad. Fried veal cutlet, served with green peas, was far more delicate and better cooked than at the *Blaue Vögel*. The sweet was a compôte of mountain raspberries served on hot toast, and the coffee which brought the supper to an end was without reproach.

The young man moved silent-footed and very deft. They could hear a few smothered giggles from the girls who were bringing things to the door for him and carrying them away. Except for that, the whole meal, both as regards cooking and serving, could hardly have been better.

Secure in the fact that the young man understood no English, they talked freely, expressing their satisfaction at their change, both of lodging and of cuisine, and strolled out into the garden, in the twilight, feeling more at home and far more comfortable than they had dared to foresee.

### CHAPTER XI

#### THE GARDEN CAVE

AFTER supper Mizpah put up her feet upon the cushiony window-seat of the oriel and prepared to be lazy with a book.

There was a restlessness upon Camiola born of excitement. She longed to savour to the very utmost the sensation of being mistress of this castle.

Going to her bedroom, she fetched a cloak, in case the mountain air should be sharp, and, opening the door which led from outside the dining-hall to the terrace at the back, she stepped out into the windless beauty of the early summer night.

Night you could hardly call it. The west still glowed with the fires of sunset, though in the east the stars were appearing. The fragrance of the roses hung heavy over everything, and in the stillness the sound of rushing water could be heard distinctly, though not loudly, like an accompaniment to the evening hymn of creation.

Twice or thrice she strolled round the bowling green, and then, encouraged by the warmth and dryness of the air, she began

to descend the winding paths of the slope down into the lower parts of the gardens, where she had not previously walked. It was not unlike the hill-side terraces of the *Villa d'Este* at Tivoli. The same period of taste had produced both. There were surprises as you turned corners: grey stone fauns, their pedestals clustered about with creepers or hidden by clumps of fuchsias, and a delightful gold-fish pond, embroidered with water-lily leaves, and presided over by a marble nymph with a renaissance smile—a charming bit of sculpture and design.

At the garden end, not very far from the wall which bordered the lowest part of the grounds, the rockwork of the beds was curved aside, leaving room for a marble seat with carved arms and a back which sloped most restfully.

Here Camiola seated herself. Her back was towards the valley, and she faced an almost vertical bit of rough rock, over which the cistus or rock-rose clustered thickly in all shades of lovely colour. The ivy-leaved toadflax flung down fairy garlands to veil the boulders, and here and there the fiery *tropæolum* made blazes of glory upon the grey face of the rock. The path down which she had come passed along the top of this steep bit and curved sharply down on one side, in a loop, to the place where she sat. She could hear the slow drip of some tiny runnel, falling rhythmically from the top, but she could not see where it fell.

Ah, she was glad—glad from the bottom of her heart—to have left the close atmosphere of the mediæval city and to be up here upon the free mountain side! She raised her eyes to the heights. Not much was visible from her position, but she could see one or two of the lower peaks, and she smiled at them as she whispered, "I am going to climb, to come quite near you, perhaps to stand upon your very summits!"

Lost in dreaming she sat there, no breath of wind reaching the charmed spot. It was so full of fragrance, of quiet, of beauty, that she thought it would be lovely to bring out cushions and an eider-down quilt and sleep here in the garden. By degrees, as she grew more and more still, her ear, accustoming itself to the tinkle of the dripping water, began to be conscious of another sound.

It was like a muffled rattling or shaking. It was intermittent, sometimes being prolonged, sometimes in jerks. It was so faint that had any other noise competed she could

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not have heard it. In the present stillness it was just audible. She supposed it to be made by some small animal, scratching in the grass near, and amused herself by trying to locate it. Then, while she was listening quite eagerly—for it seemed to come now from this side, now from that—it ceased, and was followed by a faint reverberation, as though someone let something drop a long way off or from beyond some barrier.

Instinctively she looked behind, but nothing was to be seen. It occurred to her that she was perhaps hearing some echo from the town so far below, carried up by a trick of acoustics. She heard several more faint, booming sounds, as of things being moved about, and was just going to rise and go nearer to the wall behind her in order to listen, when a movement in front of her caught her attention and made her jump horribly.

The creepers which veiled the rock at its base parted suddenly in the midst, and young Esler came, apparently, out of the rock itself.

He was in the shadow, and at first she could not see who he was, for he wore a sheepskin coat over his white costume. She sprang to her feet in a hurry. The young man, on the contrary, could see her plainly—her dark furs, rose-coloured robe, and sparkling shoe-buckles being all plain in what light there was, and also in the rays of a lantern which he carried, which shed a most brilliant light.

"Oh, how you startled me! Where did you come from?" she cried, with a little laugh of relief, when he came forward and she saw who it was.

"I am very sorry, gracious one. I did not know you were there," he replied in his tones of most frigid disapproval.

As always, this attitude of his roused Camiola to assert herself. Why should she not walk in her own garden? "There is nothing very strange in my strolling in the garden, I suppose," she said sharply.

"Nothing, of course," he replied impassively, turning away to walk up the path.

"Wait!" said Camiola with some sharpness. Then, as he turned back, "What were you doing there? Is there a cave?" she asked.

"A very small one, gracious one. I keep my gardening tools there."

"Your tools! Do you keep these gardens

in this beautiful order?" she asked, astonished.

"I have two men to work for me," he answered.

"Let me see your tool-cave," she demanded impulsively.

He glanced at her dress. "In those clothes?" he asked doubtfully.

She laughed. "That won't hurt!"

He made no further demur, but held aside the trails of passion-flower, and, when they had fallen behind them, she saw by the lantern's light a little door.

He put in a key, turned it, and admitted her to a small cave. It contained various flower-pots, a wheelbarrow, and some gardening tools; hanks of bass and packets of seed were ranged in orderly fashion upon shelves.

The space in the midst was not very great.

"Not much to see," remarked Esler dryly.

Upon the wheelbarrow there rested a round sifter, such as is used to sift ashes. The barrow was half full of silver sand. On the ground beside it were a couple of small sacks, evidently full of the same sand.

"What do you use the sand for?" she asked idly, for the sake of saying something.

"To mix with soil which is too heavy," he replied.

"You were sifting it just now—I could hear you, and wondered what it was," she laughed. He made no reply. "You work late," she added.

"I have some potting to do to-morrow," he answered.

"Well, thank you, for gratifying my curiosity," she said. "This is a very nice cave. It would be handy if I were caught in the rain. Why do you keep it locked?"

"My master's orders," he replied shortly.

It was not until they were outside and had proceeded some way up the hill towards the castle that she remembered he had so held the lantern as to light up the immediate foreground only, and to give no idea of the extent of the cave.

Her mind did not, however, dwell upon this, which was only in keeping with the proud peasant's general air of fixed resentment. She did find herself wishing that she had not hurt his pride by insisting upon his accepting her gratuity. But, after all, what did it matter? His feelings were nothing to her.

It was all forgotten in the delight of disrobing and going to bed in her state

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chamber. The communicating door between her own room and Mizpah's was left open, in case the latter lady might sleep badly or feel nervous; but when the morrow dawned both of them had slept without once rousing.

Camiola was in such spirits that she danced in and out of Mizpah's room all the time she was dressing, with chatter and nonsense. She opened her casement, hung perilously out to gather roses from the wall, sang snatches of songs, and declared herself ready to kiss the very stones of the castle which she loved so dearly.

Captain von Courland rode up from Ildestadt in time for lunch, and it was a very festive meal indeed. The mountain mutton proved to be excellent, and there were some little birds, to be caught by the dozen, rather like sand-grouse, which Frau Esler dished up most temptingly. The cream, the butter, the wild raspberries were all good, and it seemed that whatever happened they would not be starved at Orenfels.

Throughout the meal Esler waited upon them, sullenly but efficiently.

It appeared that Captain von Courland had taken to heart what Miss France had said to him about learning English. He was most anxious to begin, but could find nobody in Ildestadt competent to teach. Camiola volunteered to try. It was arranged that the young man should come regularly twice a week for this purpose.

After lunch they had coffee upon the bowling green, and Frau Esler produced a box of bowls, with which they amused themselves very satisfactorily the whole afternoon, winding up with an English lesson, in which the pupil covered himself with distinction, and it appeared that he had learned something at school which purported to be English, but feared to venture upon experimenting with his meagre knowledge.

Camiola promised to write to England for an advanced primer, and when he left in the sunset to ride home he felt that during that day he had made excellent progress.

Reed had spent the day in going down to Ildestadt, getting out the car and running it to Szass Lona for news. He returned about eight o'clock in the evening with the news of Frau Maldovan's death.

They were, of course, not unprepared, but the last bulletin had not led them to expect the blow to fall quite so soon. In fact, the

final rally had been so surprising that a faint hope had arisen that the patient's fine constitution might triumph after all.

Camiola was plunged into deep grief. Loss of parents was the trouble which she herself could most easily understand. Her reserved but sympathetic nature lived over again the horrors of her own times of bereavement. She passed a restless night, and awoke next morning in deep depression.

She had her coffee and rolls in her own room, put on a black frock, and ordered Erwald to be ready with her mule early. As she came down the stairs, her heavy eyelids, white face and mourning garb made her look a completely different creature from the young girl who had run about the gardens so merrily only yesterday.

Esler was standing at the bottom of the stairs as she came down. She averted her eyes and would have hurried past him, but his voice detained her. It was more gentle than she had yet heard it.

"Pardon, gracious one, there are many white flowers in the garden; I thought perhaps——"

She stopped short. "Oh!" she broke in, and she smiled, though the tears sprang to her eyes afresh. "How good of you, how kind of you, to think of that!"

She saw then that he carried a basket and a pair of gardening scissors.

"I did not like to cut them without permission," he murmured deferentially, "but if you will come with me, it would not take long. The lilies are just at their perfection."

He led the way to the terrace, along it, down some steps at the far end, into a little square pleasance enclosed by yew hedges, to which she had not hitherto penetrated.

All the flowers which grew there were white. The tall Madonna lilies filled the air with perfume. He cut them with a lavish hand, adding the drift-white Frau Karl Druschki roses, white stock, pyrethrum, antirrhinum, jasmine. She was deeply touched, and, when her basket was filled, she ventured, quite shyly, to ask whether he would make a wreath for the funeral, which was to be two days later.

He consented readily, though he said it would be his first attempt, and that she must therefore forgive shortcomings. They parted more amicably than ever before.



When she returned that evening she brought Hilda and Conrad with her. Conrad

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"Just as dawn broke the dragon came home, roaring and howling with hunger and rage"—p. 356.

Drawn by  
A. C. Michael.

was a nervous, highly strung boy, and his unrestrained indulgence in his grief was doing him harm. Death had not previously come near him, and it was terrifying to his vivid imagination.

Camiola was beginning to love him, and it was sweet to see how tender she was with both children. She sat by Conrad's bed that night until he slept; and during the whole of the next morning she kept them out of doors in the garden quietly amused. She planned a picnic luncheon on the bowling green, and found Esler not merely ready but eager to carry the food out of doors and to do all he could to contribute to the completeness of the arrangements.

After lunch, with the new timidity which the knowledge of his young mistress's sorrow seemed to have bred in him, he suggested that perhaps the young Herrschaffen might like to go over the cave.

This was a very bright idea, and it had not occurred to Camiola, whose mind was preoccupied with the thought of what Irmgard was going through during these days.

The children were covered up in overalls, she exchanged her black for a very short tweed skirt, and they plunged into the old keep stairway in much excitement. Neither child had ever been in the cave before, though they had often heard of it. They chattered all the time about the Black Dragon, on which subject Esler was not communicative.

Conrad wanted to know all about it—where it lived, what were its habits, whether it was likely to appear in the castle, and so on.

Camiola and Esler combined to pooh-pooh this last idea. To begin with, said Camiola, there was no dragon; it was only a foolish old story; but even if there had been it was nowhere near the castle, nor had it ever been seen anywhere within miles of it, even in the old days when it was supposed to appear.

"Tell us about Saint Ildemand, who killed the dragon," said Conrad when they were all seated on a rock near the subterranean stream, eating chocolate and drinking the clear ice-cold water.

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The boy was snuggled close against Camiola, whose arm was round him, her cheek resting upon his curly hair. Esler, seated upon his stone close by, replied: "Well, according to the legend my aunt has told me, the old saint went to work so sensibly that it really almost sounds as if the story were true. He did not get any sword or spear, or anything of the kind. No doubt you have seen his picture on the shrine and also on the window of the Frauenkirche in Ildstadt. What has he in his hand?"

"A thing that looks like an anchor," replied Hilda, who was a very observant child.

"Yes, Fräulein, but it is not an anchor; it is just a pickaxe," replied Esler. "The story says that the people were in great tribulation, because the dragon lay in wait for sheep and oxen, and even men, and caught them. He inhabited a certain cave, not so very far from the little cell in which Ildemund himself lived. The saint's cave was so small that he was quite safe when he was inside; the monster could not enter, and it feared the daylight, and only came out after dark. The saint made a practice of keeping early hours, and was safe in consequence. But the people came to him and implored him to get rid of the dragon for them. So he thought and thought, and prayed and prayed, and at last he saw how he could do it. He got a lantern and he went and hid, somewhere in the bushes above the mouth of the dragon's cave; and when the beast came out that night, he went in and made a thorough search of the horrible place. He found plenty of blood and bones and evil-smelling refuse, but he also found out what he wanted to know, which was that there was no way out of the cave except by its mouth.

"So he called some of the head men of the village, and told them to drive a fat bullock up the mountain, and, after the dragon had gone out at night to find food, they led the poor bullock inside his cave, for him to find on his return. That night the dragon searched everywhere and could find nothing to eat. All the time he was away the saint and his helpers were busy with their pickaxes, chipping round and round a huge mass of rock which overhung the mouth of the hole. Just as dawn broke the inhabitant of the cave came home, and he was roaring and howling with hunger and rage. Inside he

found his breakfast, a very large breakfast, and they knew that he would not come out again for at least three days. So they worked and worked away until they loosened the huge crag, and it fell and blocked up the cave mouth completely. Then they called all the village in to help, and they piled up rock after rock all over and around and about the opening, until nobody could tell that there ever had been an opening there. They also brought cartloads of soil and scattered it over and among the stones. The dragon was very strong, but not nearly strong enough to shift all those tons and tons of rock and earth. So he never came out any more."

"He was dead, I suppose?" said Conrad.

"No doubt," replied the young man gravely. His capable fingers had been at work all the time he was telling the story cutting out the hull of a tiny boat, which he now set to float upon the water of the stream. This was a new thrill for Conrad, who insisted upon having it rigged. The boy had some thread in his pocket, and Camiola produced some white paper. With matches for masts, Esler contrived some rigging, and they all grew very friendly over the business. Camiola thought the dragon was forgotten, and would be left to rest behind his impassable barrier of rock; but before long, à propos of nothing, Conrad inquired:

"Eric, have you ever seen the dragon?"

"Why, Master Conrad, all that I have just told you happened five hundred years ago!"

"Then you think the dragon really was dead?"

"There cannot be a doubt of it."

"And you have never seen him?"

"I have only lived up here for about seven months, little Herr."

"Oh! Where did you live before that?"

"A long way off. See this tiny whirlpool, how it sucks in the boat; she ought to have a keel, I think—a bit of lead. Perhaps I could find you a bit."

"Oh, do, please. Who told you about the dragon and all?"

"My aunt, Frau Esler. She knows many tales. She has lived here all her life, and her parents and grandparents lived here before her."

"Then you think it is all nonsense to say the dragon is alive now?"

"All nonsense! Certainly."

Conrad's sigh was a compound of relief



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and disappointment. It is sometimes difficult to say whether a child most loves or fears horrors.



The following day Irmgard's mother was laid to rest in the graveyard which lay below the great old church of Saint Ildemund.

The service was very beautiful, and Camiola kept ever after a vivid memory picture of the scene. It was a boisterous day, of brilliant sun, warm wind, and a sky of rolling fleecy-white clouds and deep, vivid blue. The scarlet cassocks of the acolytes stood out against the cypresses behind, to which the old town walls made a grey background. The incense drifted upon the brisk air, and the pathetic boy voices were tossed about fancifully by the playful breeze.

Camiola, kneeling between Irmgard and Conrad in the midst of the little heart-broken group of children, felt as though she were one of them, and as though the glorious prayers and anthems were for her too, who had lost more than these orphans.

The sorrow was drawing them all together in a way in which even joy cannot do. It was making Camiola feel that she had a

share in their lives, and that Orenfels was, in some subtle sense, her home.

The two children returned with her to the castle after the service, as this allowed Irmgard more leisure for what lay before her—the labours which seem the most cruel of all: the tidying up and putting away of the possessions of one who so lately had all these things in her own capable hands.

Conrad dried his tears as they left the city behind, and, when they had climbed as high as the shrine of Saint Ildemund, desired to be shown the traditional site of the mouth of the dragon's cave.

Esler, who had attended the funeral, and was on foot, lifted him from his mule, and then Hilda and Camiola also desired to go. After a short climb they found themselves facing a bit of rocky hill-side, very quiet and solid-looking. It was difficult to suppose that the boulders had been heaped artificially to make it.

"If I were the lord of Orenfels, I would have it opened and find out if the bones are there," remarked Conrad after a prolonged silence.

"So would I, little Herr," replied Esler, somewhat to Camiola's surprise. "But the lord of Yndaia rules this valley no more; nor will, until the curse be lifted."

[END OF CHAPTER ELEVEN.]



# "LA BELLE SAUVAGE"

A Story of the Old Inn

By VIOLET M. METHLEY

"PLEASE, sir, when does the Bath Coach start?"

The voice was very small, very frightened, scarcely audible above the clatter and shouting in La Belle Sauvage Yard, undertoned by the duller roar of the great City beyond.

But Jack Rowley, quicker eared as well as quicker witted than the ordinary, turned and looked down, quite a long way, to where a very small, very frightened figure stood beside him. She wore a pale blue pelisse, bordered with white swansdown, and, framed by a hood of the same materials, a face looked up at him—a face which made him catch his breath suddenly, with very unwonted emotion.

It was wistful and pale, with a drooping childish mouth and wide grey eyes, looking almost black at the moment with the startled dilation of their pupils. The hood hid all except a few pale brown, wavy tendrils of hair, and the little black-mitted hands clasp a brocaded bag.

"The Bath Coach——" Rowley broke off with a sharp ejaculation, and flung a protecting arm about the small figure as an unwieldy post-chaise lurched most perilously near.

The girl clung to him trustfully for one instant; the next, she stood in safety upon the narrow strip of pavement which fringed the Yard, with her tall protector still close beside her.

With a smile, half pitying, half amused, upon his handsome face, Rowley finished his answer.

"The Bath Coach starts from La Belle Sauvage Yard at half-past four to-morrow morning, madam."

"To-morrow morning!" All remaining colour seemed suddenly drained from the childish face. "He said half-past four—but I thought it meant this afternoon!"

"I am sorry," Jack Rowley, usually so quick and glib of speech, could find nothing more effective to say.

"What am I to do—what am I to do!"

There's a whole night to wait, and I've nowhere to go, and—and no money!" The voice quivered to breaking, the grey eyes overflowed, the little hands clutched convulsively over the absurd reticule.

And Jack Rowley, with a sensation very strange to it about his world-hardened, world-sharpened heart, spoke gently and kindly.

"Let me take you inside the Inn—'tis bitter cold here—then we can talk things over, and settle what to do. Will you come with me?"

For a moment the girl looked up at him, her lips drooping wistfully. Then, with an impulsive, childish movement, she slipped one hand through the man's frieze-coated arm.

"Yes, sir, I will—please!" she said.

The touch of the little fingers sent an unexpected thrill through Rowley. He laughed and frowned, mentally, at his own weakness as they passed together through the narrow doorway of the Inn, under the creaking pendent chains, from which hung the sign, bearing the gaily painted image of that feather-bedecked wild maiden who represented "La Belle Sauvage."

Within was dark oak panelling, yellowish lamplight flickering in the cold air, a heavy odour of beer and sawdust, and an obsequious, white-aproned host.

"I want a private room—at once," Rowley said curtly. "This lady will be obliged to wait here until the Bath Coach starts."

"Well, sir, the Inn is overfull already—there's a big party of gentlemen in the coffee-room. I hardly know—but, yes, Mr. Rowley, sir, we'll manage, however awkward it be. Yes, indeed, sir!"

The fellow's little eyes twinkled meaningly from the man to the girl and back again, and for the first time Rowley inwardly cursed his own reputation, which had thus made matters easy.

"Show me the room, Evans," he said brusquely, and the innkeeper bowed them

## "LA BELLE SAUVAGE"

smilingly towards a door. Rowley turned, in entering.

"Bring me some hot negus, at once," he said. "And—" he glanced at the childish figure on his arm as he added: "Some sweet cake and macaroons."

A glowing, hospitable fire lighted the shabby room. Rowley established his companion in one of the shabby, leather arm-chairs which flanked the hearth, and stood himself with his back against the chimney-piece. Leaning back, half lost in the dark depths of her seat, the girl looked up at him with very wistful, very trustful eyes.

"'Tis most kind of you, sir, to take so much trouble," she said. "I cannot thank you."

"There is no need—but perhaps you will honour me with just a little of your confidence; 'twill be easier then for me to help you. You expected to meet—friends here?"

"A—friend." There was the same hesitation before the noun as had marked his own speech, and a faint colour rose exquisitely into the child's pale cheeks. "He—as I told you—I mistook what he said. We are to travel down to Bath together."

"Is he your brother—your father?" The question sounded a little abrupt, perhaps because the man so perfectly knew that the answer would be in the negative. The girl answered with perfect simplicity.

"No; he is my future husband. We are to be married at Bath."

"Your pardon for the impertinence, but do your relations know it?" Rowley spoke with the faintest hint of amusement in his

grave face and his grave eyes, but the girl answered with the same directness as before.

"I have only one relative, I believe, sir, the aunt who brought me up; and—no, I have not told her. He—he said that it would be better not; she might have tried to stop our marriage, because I am young."

"You look very young—yes."

"I am seventeen, and Aunt Dorothy Seaton herself told me that my own mother was married at that age."

"She was very young too; do you mind telling me your name?"

"Of course not; 'tis Angela Seaton."

The man fell silent, as though in deep thought, his hand shading his eyes and forehead as he stared into the fire. Suddenly he turned abruptly and crossed to the window.

Drawing aside the dingy crimson curtains, he looked out into the crowded Yard, where

vehicles of all descriptions jostled each other, lumbering and clattering over the cobbles, amidst the shouts of postilions and drivers, mingled with the shrill cries of women passengers and the deeper tones of their male escorts. It was a quaint and picturesque sight seen thus, half in sepia shadow, half by the light of smoky lamps or the flickering glow of the torches which were stuck into sconces in the walls at intervals round the Yard.

And from beyond, undertoning all, came the dull, heavy beating of the heart of London, the tremor and thrill of that mighty life which throbbled day and



"Please sir, when does the Bath Coach start?"

Drawn by  
C. E. Brock.

## THE QUIVER

night up and down the arteries of Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street and the Strand.

It was the girl who spoke first, and very timidly.

"I am afraid you are shocked. You think me very wicked——"

"Oh, terribly wicked!" Rowley turned from the window, laughing gently. "Why Mistress Seaton, you actually contemplate a runaway match! Sure, I never could have believed in such iniquity!"

Angela glanced at him, half doubtfully, under her long, gold-tipped lashes.

"My Aunt Dorothy knows him," she apologised. "Only we feared that she might not approve. It was in our village that we met; he had an accident, and they carried him to the vicarage. Mrs. Dunn, the Vicar's lady, nursed him. And afterwards, when he was carried down into the garden, sometimes we—we talked, he and I, whilst Aunt Dorothy and Mrs. Dunn looked at the wall-fruit. And so—and so—we arranged to meet here——"

Rowley returned to the fireside and seated himself opposite to the girl. The red light fell full upon his strong dark face, with its world-tired eyes; upon his graceful figure in the dark claret suit, which fitted him so amazingly, with its fine cambric ruffles at throat and wrist.

"I see; 'tis a vastly romantic story," he said. "Now, I wonder, will you tell me the name of the—hero?"

"Mr. St. Osbert—Mr. Ralph St. Osbert. He lives in London, I think."

"Mr. Ralph St. Osbert——" Rowley repeated the name slowly and meditatively. "Yes; 'tis a name very well known in London. Ah, here is the negus! Now, you must take something to eat and drink."

"Oh, I don't think that I *could*!" She shook her head, drawing back childishly. "I am so tired—quite sick with tiredness."

"I know, but you will feel better for some food. Come, you would not have it all wasted; and, myself, I dined but half an hour ago."

Little by little she surrendered and took the goblet from his hand. The sweet, hot drink brought back a little colour to her cheeks; presently she consented to nibble a macaroon, and took another of her own accord.

Rowley, from his seat opposite, watched

her, and the smile upon his face was oddly tender.

Mistress Seaton had removed her pelisse and hood; her short curly hair gave her the appearance of a very child, as she sat curled up in the big chair and talked of her home, her aunt, her pets—and of Him. How thoughtful he was, how handsome, how—— The warmth of the negus, the warmth of the fire, acting together, presently had their effect.

The lids drooped drowsily over the widely opened grey eyes; Mistress Seaton's head sank sideways on to the chair arm, her breath came deeply and regularly through parted lips.

Rowley still watched her. There was an oddly wistful look in his eyes, the look of a man who peers through barred gates at a very lovely and peaceful garden. Thoughts, hopes, fears, emotions that had not touched him for near a score of years, beset him now; a girl's face, a girl's eyes had awakened them, sent him wandering back along the years to seek a happiness and peace which had evaded him hitherto.

Hours passed. The red glow of the fire grew dull. Towards midnight Rowley replenished it softly, but the logs which he heaped high were half burnt out before Angela woke.

It was the early morning stirring and business of the Inn which finally aroused her; she sat up, rubbing her eyes with a childlike gesture and a little, startled exclamation.

"Oh, where am I? Is it morning? Oh! I remember. What is the time, please?"

Rowley drew out his watch.

"Half-past three," he answered.

"Oh, then—then Mr. St. Osbert will be here very soon! How untidy I feel!" She sat up, pushing back her hair, with a little excited laugh. "'Tis vastly uncomfortable to sleep all night in one's clothes; I must look a perfect fright, I'm sure."

"Not in the least. But now, before Mr. St. Osbert comes, I wish to speak to you; indeed, you must hear what I have to say."

A rather frightened look crossed the girl's face; she glanced at him doubtfully.

"Of course I will listen," she said.

"Thank you. That is all I ask—and only that for your own sake; but since I am certainly old enough to be your father,

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perhaps you'll hear me patiently, let me take his place, perhaps, since a father can say things which would come strangely from anybody else."

"I'll promise to listen to anything you say!" Angela assured him impulsively. "You have been so kind—so very, very kind."

"Well—I am going to say something very unpleasant indeed . . . I know Mr. St. Osbert."

"But—that is not unpleasant?"

"It is," Rowley spoke very grimly and steadily. "It is a very unpleasant thing to know Mr. St. Osbert, child, as I know him."

"Nobody can know him better than I." The child spoke proudly.

"You know nothing of him, nothing at all," Rowley repeated. "I do."

For an instant silence fell. Then Angela rose, and the childishness seemed to fall from her. She looked taller, more womanly, and her cheeks were deeply flushed.

"I cannot stay here to let Mr. St. Osbert be insulted," she said. "I have listened long enough—so I will leave you, sir."

Rowley did not stir from his seat. Only he raised his head, and looked the girl full in the eyes.

"My dear, why should I lie to you, unless there was reason? But I cannot stand by and see you deceived, all undefended as you are."

"I—I do not wish to be defended against Mr. St. Osbert. And I do not believe one word you say. Why—how do I know?—you may be a very bad man yourself!"

Rowley flushed; the edge of truth made the girl's words cut very deeply.

"Heaven knows I can't claim to be good," he said. "But—I'd not deceive a child like you."

"I am no child. My mother was married—"

"I know—I know. She was a child too. Sit down again. After all, you must needs wait here until Mr. St. Osbert comes."

"Yes—I suppose so," she hesitated.

"But I need not keep you, sir."

"My dismissal!" Rowley laughed bitterly. "Well, I will not take it, child."



"I hope that your dear wife is well?"—p. 362.

Drawn by  
G. E. Brock.

"Do you mean to stay, whether I wish it or no?"

"Even so—until Mr. St. Osbert comes. If you ask me to leave the room, I shall wait outside."

"You forget yourself strangely, sir; you—you insult me! No, I can't believe you intend to do that—you have been so kind until now. Somehow, I can't help trusting you, although I know you are mistaken about Mr. St. Osbert."

"Then continue to trust me a little longer. Grant me the favour of a few words with Mr. St. Osbert in your presence, and afterwards—judge for yourself. That is all I ask. Only promise me this: do not gainsay or interrupt me, however strange what I say may seem to you. Believe me, there will be

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a reason for all I do, a reason which concerns your whole life's happiness."

Rowley's face was extraordinarily softened and appealing; those who called themselves his friends would scarcely have known the man with this new look on his face.

Angela drew a long breath, her eyes fixed solemnly on his.

"Yes, I will promise," she said. "Only you mustn't expect me to believe anything against Mr. St. Osbert."

"I will only ask you to judge for yourself, child," Rowley answered gently.

Even as the words passed his lips, there came the sound of voices from outside the door; first the landlord's voice, and then that of another.

"You say that the lady is waiting, that she has been here all night? Then I will go to her at once; ah, it is that door?—thanks!"

The flush deepened in Angela's cheeks, but she said nothing. Rowley drew back slightly so that he was not immediately visible to one entering the room.

The door was flung open, and a slim, fair young man entered, a young man with a face of almost womanly beauty. With hands outstretched, he spoke quickly, eagerly as he came towards the girl.

"My dearest—what an unfortunate chance! How did it happen? Have you been terribly lonely, little one? I—ah!"

He broke off, his expression changing swiftly, as he saw the other man.

"What the deuce!—who's this? Jack Rowley! What the devil brings you here?"

"I don't fancy that you can blame the devil in this instance," Rowley answered dryly. "I'm almost tempted to believe that Providence used me as an unworthy instrument—to prevent a most dastardly action, Mr. Ralph St. Osbert!"

"Plague take it, what do you mean?" St. Osbert stammered.

"Exactly what I say, no more and no less. I'll only ask you one question—a commonplace, simple question: I hope that your dear wife is well?"

"I—I don't know what you mean——"

"Oh, yes, you do, and you know that I know so well that it is more than absurd for you to deny it; why, I could bring a score of witnesses at Tunbridge Wells alone! And that's all I want with you, Mr. Ralph St. Osbert; I fancy, from your looks, that change of air would be beneficial."

Indeed, the lad was the very picture of conscious guilt. His eyes wavered, his lips trembled, he did not even attempt an appeal to the girl, who sat so silent, a little white figure in the big chair. Like a shamed cur, he slunk towards the door; one could almost see the tail between his legs.

And like an ill-conditioned puppy, he turned to snarl at his preceptor.

"A fine preacher of morality, forsooth! Wild Jack Rowley to set up as a saint! Tell me, how will things look for Mistress Seaton's good name when the story gets abroad that she spent the night at 'La Belle Sauvage' with—you!"

There was unspeakable scorn in Rowley's voice as he answered, without moving his place before the hearth.

"Spread the true version, if spread it you will, cur that you are! I can give you, or any other, all the proofs you need that Mistress Seaton spent the night at 'La Belle Sauvage' with—her father!"



St. Osbert had slunk from the room, and still Rowley stood motionless, with bowed head, staring at the dingy carpet. It was the girl who spoke at last.

"I thank you, sir—but—you need not have lied to guard my good name."

"I did not lie," Rowley said under his breath.

"You mean—you mean——?"

"That in very truth I am your father, child. I knew you at once when your mother's eyes looked up at me . . . She died when you were born, and I—I'll spare you the story of my life since then. Do me this much justice: I knew you were safe with your aunt, far safer than with me; and—Heaven forgive me!—I shirked my responsibilities, wanted to be free, even took another name. But your—your perfect trust to-day woke something in me I'd thought dead—perhaps it was my soul. Child, child, by all that's lovely in heaven, how I'll love and care for you, if you can ever come to think of me as a father, ever love me, if only a little!"

He was kneeling before her, in the dying firelight, his tired face all alight with his new-found manhood. And Angela, leaning forward, slipped her arms about his neck.

"I love you now—father!" she whispered.



# THE REVOLUTION IN DOMESTIC WORK

The Need of Enterprise and Organisation

By AMY B. BARNARD, L.L.A.

The appointment of a "Food Controller," and the Government action in regard to meatless days and smaller meals, point to the ever-increasing importance of Domestic Work. Shall we see a kitchen "revolution" during—or after—the War?

**M**AIDS! They are more difficult to get than ever—and so independent!"

This plaint of the mistress of a large household is echoed and re-echoed throughout the land. It is the old problem, aggravated by the war, for in the rush to fill new openings made possible by the withdrawal of men the ex-elementary schoolgirl shuns all but the best-paid, most attractive situations. Domestic service has not been reorganised to keep pace with women's other industrial work; only in the most up-to-date flats has the architect had an eye to labour-saving, and appliances for minimising work and time are too often regarded as expensive luxuries. A deaf ear has been turned to the experiences of trans-Atlantic housekeepers in these directions.

## What the War has Done

But now the war, which has drastically changed so many of our ideas, has pushed domestic work towards veritable revolution. This is not pleasant. No form of social or economic revolution is. And it has come at a time of anxiety for the men away fighting, of strain on financial resources, and often of dual parental responsibility for the mother. She suffers the brunt of it. In large establishments many of the rooms can be shut up and the family live in a few, apportioning among the members all necessary house-cleaning and cookery. But the mother of a young family must have outside help or wear herself to death in the struggle to be mother, cook, nursemaid, and housemaid in one. The mother of the industrial class, with husband in the Army or Navy, and obliged to supplement her separation allowance, is helped by the public nursery; crèches are even being attached to munition

works. The wife of the professional or middle-class family struggles bravely without outside aid. For her the dearth of domestic helpers is a tragedy. Moreover, children of the type most worth preservation, from the national standpoint, suffer untold harm.

It is useless to rail against reluctant maids; they have found, at any rate while the war lasts, work that appeals to them far more than domestic service bounded by four walls, appeals to their patriotism, love of adventure—as keen in girls as in boys—and to their pockets. If they are to be lured back to housework it will have to be reorganised, and the conditions made irresistible.

## Domestic Work by the Hour

The coming of the daily-help and the step-girl, the window-cleaner and the half-day charwoman, suggest the conditions under which housework is most willingly undertaken. The worker is engaged at a definite job, at a fixed rate of pay per hour; her work done, she quits. She lives in her own home, has her evenings free, and is her own mistress, even more so than the shop assistant living in, or the clerk in an office liable to be requested to work overtime and not daring to refuse to do so, though the rate of payment is halved.

From the housewife's point of view such domestic help has drawbacks: it is costly, interrupted by bad weather, illness, and family upsets; early rising and preparation of breakfast devolve on the housewife; she may even be home-tied in the evening. Moreover, the available assistance in the neighbourhood is limited. The day-girl who visits Mrs. A. also visits Mrs. B., and intimate family affairs become the news of the neighbourhood. Perhaps the most provoking feature is the non-appearance of the day-

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girl and consequent upset of the week's housework. Those who have experienced these trials, as well as the incompetence of would-be helpers, will be the most ready to consider some of the suggestions now being mooted.

It does seem, on the face of it, absurd that in one street of two dozen houses twenty-four kitchen stoves should be used to cook dinner for ninety-six people (allowing four to each house), when one considers what a stove in a restaurant or hotel accomplishes.

### The Communal Kitchen ?

Gas and fuel are more than ever costly now ; matches, firelighters, soda for washing, cloths—all most necessary materials, indeed, are dearer, besides labour. These facts are inducing many a housewife to consider whether a communal kitchen, or perhaps a kitchen to cater for the houses in one road or street, is possible. There are several practical difficulties in the way. Additional service would be necessary to convey the cooked dishes to the houses and fetch them when used. Meals would be wanted at different times ; for instance, to cook breakfast dishes from 7.15 to 9 would be wasteful. To satisfy all tastes, and provide acceptable menus for everyone, old and young, well and ill, would be no easy matter. And a communal housemaid visiting the houses in succession might not have made her last bed till well on into the afternoon ! It is true some of these difficulties have been overcome in co-operative house-keeping, but in that case the community has lived under one roof. Attractive Homes-garths and Melvin Halls have been pioneers in such ventures ; so, too, have the enterprising people who have experimented in supplying meals to blocks of flats.

The problem is to maintain the privacy of home life and at the same time secure the benefits of communal life, and especially of communal cookery. Every housekeeper knows the purchase of provisions in large quantities is less expensive than in small ones. This matter of cost is one of the strongest inducements to women of initiative, resource, business capacity, and trained in housewifery, to reorganise our domestic work.

### Amateurish, Unskilful, and Wasteful

At the present time much of our domestic arrangements are amateurish, unskilful, and

wasteful. Miss Clementina Black says : " Our household purchasing and cooking and cleaning are still at the stage in which sick-nursing was before the Crimean War. Each single house has its separate kitchen, its separate tools, its separate fire ; each mistress orders her milk, bread, groceries, and all the rest, separately, from some tradesman, and each lot is delivered and received separately at some house-door. On every single transaction there is an individual expenditure of thought, trouble, time, and book-keeping ; and on many articles—such as meat and milk—an actual wastage, small, indeed, on each transaction, but very considerable in the aggregate. Amongst us we waste in this manner enough to feed many scores more persons every day."

From quite another direction, in connection with the work of one of the military tribunals, there is evidence of this overlapping. In a street of twelve houses complaint was made that thirty different milkmen delivered milk at those houses daily !

This all shows an amazing want of organisation and extreme conservatism of methods.

### Government Aid for Domestic Economy

It is remarkable that there is in this country to-day no national bureau or institute where information on matters of domestic economy is obtainable, not merely for students in training, but for housekeepers of every description and class. It is surely as much wanted as a Natural History Museum. The recipes, contrivances, and useful inventions of individual housewives are now lost, or practically so ; they should be recorded, demonstrated, and made known to others, for the benefit of the nation. Perhaps the numerous domestic economy schools and polytechnic departments might confer on this matter, and with Government aid form some central bureau for the diffusion of enlightenment.

The need for something of the sort was recently emphasised at a national economy exhibition, where the whole day long women thronged an exhibit from a domestic science school, even kneeling on the floor in their eagerness to copy recipes ; while new and economical ideas were seized with avidity, such as cooking meat, vegetable, pudding, and sauce in one saucepan with the aid of jam-pots, thirty ways of cooking

## THE REVOLUTION IN DOMESTIC WORK

oatmeal, how to dye a white silk blouse a pretty pink with tea and a little ink, the use of the hay-box, and other contrivances.

The question arises, whether out of the chaotic conditions of domestic work now prevailing, and the fading away of class distinctions, educated women will in future take up domestic work as an occupation. At present there are few gentlewomen "day workers," though there are some trained resident ones; and the lady "char" has not yet appeared. The principal of one of the biggest domestic science schools says she sees no reason why there should not be trained educated women doing this work, with proper appliances. A nurse has to do many things quite as disagreeable, she says. But she would expect higher pay than the charwoman gets.

Usually the expert in housewifery goes, not to a private house, but to hostels, schools, hospitals, and public institutions. Since the war began the demand for trained women cooks has increased greatly. More and still more are wanted in military and convalescent camps, in canteens and munition works. Women instructors in cookery are employed by the War Office. At a certain convalescent camp one trained woman is employed as head cook, with fifty cooks under her, preparing meals for 3,000 men. The men prefer women cooks in their camps.

### Contented Servants in Co-operative Homes

It is interesting to find contentment with the conditions of domestic service in the few co-operative housekeeping ventures so far started. At picturesque Homesgarth the assistants have their own dining- and sitting-rooms and corridors of bedrooms; they live and work in healthy surroundings; their leisure hours are their own. One of the troubles of the isolated domestic help is removed when working with a staff; she is in a social element congenial to her. The craving for society which induces Mary Ann to crane her neck out of the back window talking to Kate next door, or to linger at the side entrance to chat with the butcher's man, is legitimately gratified in approved ways. And in the numerous women's hostels and residential clubs the staffs are large enough to provide congenial com-

panionship for the workers. This is an argument used by those who advocate communal domestic service. It attracts.

Undoubtedly the war has made us take far broader views of domestic work than heretofore. The housewife who has been forced to do without assistance puts a truer value upon it. The men on service will not only appreciate more the endless work in the home, but willingly lend a hand at a crisis. The vital importance of conserving the food supply, and the Government action in regard to meatless days, etc., will force our domestic arrangements more and more into prominence.

Simplicity in meals, simplicity in furnishing, and housework reduced to a minimum, appear to be signposts of the future. If the dire loss of life emphasises also its vastly greater importance than the material things of the home, the lesson will not pass unheeded. We are certainly being well shaken out of the old domestic ruts, and it would be fascinating were it possible to peep into the future and see to what the revolution in domestic work will lead. Perhaps women architects of the future will so plan our houses, and labour-saving appliances so minimise work, that most women will be able to run their houses and do outside work as well.

### The Hope for Better Things

If the changes that are inevitable lead to a general betterment of present conditions depends in the long run on woman's attitude. It is to be hoped after the great upheaval and the severe lessons it is teaching the nation, especially the new power to distinguish the essentials of life from the adventitious accessories, no form of domestic work will slip back into the ruts of inefficiency, discomfort, and dissatisfaction.

In the opinion of a woman who has trained batches of workers at a domestic economy school for twenty years, domestic work is to-day full of possibilities. But it certainly needs more thought, more skilled organisation, more initiative and enterprise than have hereto been brought to bear upon it, besides a great deal more science. Here is a fine opportunity for the public-spirited woman with brains.

# MISS TERENCE

A Tale of an Academic Woman

By MYRTLE B. S. JACKSON

"SHE is not attractive," said my mother emphatically.

"Singularly unattractive," echoed my aunt, "but, I should think, capable."

With these words they left me standing nervously outside my future tutor's door, to see her and be seen for the first time. I had done the deed! I had broken loose from the thralldom of social frivolities, and henceforth my family would know me by the name of home student! Such was my glowing ardour for a life of intellect that I struggled heroically to defend that curious phenomenon of modern times, the academic woman. These discussions left my dear mother resigned to the inevitable, but unconvinced. "My dear child," she would say, "you have your own life to lead, and you must do as you think best; but I was always brought up to think that a woman should possess charm, and grace, and sympathy, and tact—"

"So she can, and should," I would protest; "but there is no harm in her being clever and cultured as well, is there?"

"I never met an academic woman yet," my mother replied on that particular occasion, "who was not dowdy in her appearance, and very rude in her manner, if not positively insulting!"

I gave up the argument in despair.

My first interview with Miss Terence took place in her room, she sitting at her bureau, and I in a chair several yards away in chastened humility.

"You wish to take a course of English literature, I understand; do you know anything about it?" she said tersely.

"I—I have never done any work of this kind before; it—it sounds very interesting," I faltered.

"No, I hardly imagine that you have," she returned succinctly. "You mean that you have not yet acquired the very elements of English, and have had no training of even the least description."

"None at all," I murmured faintly, and collapsed into silence forthwith. In a very

clear, businesslike voice she proceeded to discuss my programme of work, disclosing further yawning abysses of ignorance within me, so that I felt more mean and helpless at every word she uttered.

When she had given me a slip of paper on which she had written down my work for the week, I felt it ought to have been an order to turn out some back pantry, her manner was so, what might be termed, non-social! While she was writing, I scrutinised her: average height, slender, active figure, and her hair dressed in unmistakable academic fashion—that is, drawn straightly away from her face, and screwed into a tight little knot at the back; it was of a nondescript colour. No, she certainly was not attractive. I went away with the words ringing through my head: "She's not attractive; singularly unattractive, but, I should think, capable." "Oh, yes!" my thoughts re-echoed, "capable without a doubt, very capable." My enthusiasm for the learned femininity had received a severe shock. Had I done wrong, after all? She certainly seemed the most unprepossessing, unkind lady that had ever crossed my pathway in life, and I was voluntarily placing myself under the lash of her tongue for three years!

But how strangely misleading are first impressions!—the more so when one is young and intolerant, more ready to seize upon what we like than what we can learn. I am older now, and, looking back on that first interview with Miss Terence, I can hardly refrain from laughter, so utterly different was the picture then from the one that has remained permanently with me.

That little green room! It is pleasant now to recall it during evening coachings—the fire burning cheerily, the lamp lit, radiating light over carpet and ceiling, and in the shadows the soft colours of flowers, of leather books, and the subdued gleams of gilt in the picture frames. Myself, at a little oak table, reflecting resignedly on the mixed metaphors in my essays (once I was guilty

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of bringing a red herring home to roost, and on another occasion I gave the rousing information that the Arabs lived in vast stretches of dessert; Miss Terence opposite, in a black satin skirt with frills, and a blue chiffon blouse with cascades of lace—I mention these details of her attire because it is one of my mother's fallacies that academic women never dress for dinner—talking of wonderful things, histories, philosophies, religions, revolutions, the ceaseless ebb and flow of humanity, till one felt glad to be alive, and take part in it all, and the room seemed filled with voices of the past, and bygone faces, dead these hundred years, drew aside the curtains, and peeped in. I can see her now, sitting with a hand against her cheek, her gaze firewards, and can hear her voice reciting verse upon verse from every imaginable poet. I do not know why I ever thought her voice hard: it was really most rich and musical; it would rise and fall like a river ruffled by a summer breeze, and swelling against its banks. Hers was certainly a very interesting, refined face, if it was not a very pretty one. There was an arresting determination about the sharp contour of her chin, and a great depth and softness about her eyes when she turned to me with one of her sudden, direct glances. When we plunged into especially thrilling discussions, she invariably looked away, or else through me and beyond; she seemed to live in principles and character on a large scale, the finite and personal never seemed to touch her. One night I remember—yes, it was a propos of Wordsworth's peasants—we were talking about the various forms of expressing emotion. It had led us into noticing how sometimes the most uneducated people in times of intense sorrow gain a dignity of speech and expression quite foreign to them in ordinary life. She ended the conversation by saying:

"Well, I suppose we none of us know exactly how we should act under the stress of great emotion."

I recall this observation of hers, because later I happened to see her under just such an influence, and it was a revelation.

She did a terrific amount of work. When I sent in my "roosting herring" essay two days late and expected to be frightfully scolded and generally flattened out, she merely remarked that she hoped I would not repeat the offence, as she had about fifty

essays a week to correct, and she preferred to have them given in at the right time! Fifty essays a week! I retailed this startling fact to the family, and added that she coached six hours a day, gave several classes on three distinct periods of literature a term, and lectured on philology elsewhere. My aunt looked sober, and my mother was silent. I fancy she rose a little in their esteem.

But the fact of seeing a person four days out of every seven, and generally possessing the run of their house, does not necessarily mean that one really knows them intimately at all. After I had coached with Miss Terence for a year and a term, I thought that I knew her pretty well. I never was more mistaken. As a matter of fact, I scarcely knew one-fifth of her, until the merest chance revealed the remaining four-fifths to me one damp, foggy night. It was the beginning of the summer term, but the weather was cold and rainy; it might have been November. I was in the middle of my customary coaching, when a perfectly natural thing happened. We were interrupted by a knock at the door, and the maid brought in a telegram. I did not take any notice at first—she had so many telegrams—but at last, as she seemed to be a long time over it, I looked up.

She was still reading it.

"Any answer, miss?" asked the maid.

Silence.

"Is there any answer, miss?"

"Is there any answer, Miss Terence?"

"Yes—excuse me one moment." She went to her writing-table, wrote out a reply, and then could not find her purse. The maid and I hunted for it. When we discovered it staring her in the face, she dispatched her answer, opened the window wide, and then came back to her chair and took up her notes again.

"Yes," she said. "Coleridge's masterpiece was undoubtedly 'St. Agnes' Eve.'"

"'St. Agnes' Eve'?" I lifted my eyebrows in surprise.

"I mean 'The Ancient Mariner'—how stupid of me! Do you know what metre it is written in?"

"Ballad metre."

"No, it's the finest specimen we have of the Spenserian stanza."

I looked at her astonished. "Surely not," I ventured.

## THE QUIVER

"What am I saying?" she said quickly. "Nothing seems able to disabuse me of the idea that I am talking about Keats. Yes, ballad metre, of course; you know the circumstances under which it was written?" She sat still more uprightly in her chair, and turned over the pages on her lectern. A wave of colour swept into her face. "Dryden may have contributed to the romantic revival," she continued, "but it would be good practice for you to compare 'We Are Seven' with the 'Adonais.' You might think of it as your next essay subject, or perhaps Chatterton—"

Then I stopped her.

"Miss Terence, have you had bad news in your telegram? Don't you think we might finish for to-night?"

"Thank you," she said. "I think it would be advisable. I seem to be talking nonsense. I have to go off by train almost immediately. I wonder if you could leave a couple of notes for me on your way home, if I write them now?"

She wrote the notes, and read them through twice, and then gave them to me to read.

"I seem to be talking rubbish to-night," she said with a little laugh; "so I must be careful with these. Read them for me; I think they are clear."

I suggested she would want a taxi for the station, and had I not better order one? She gave me permission to do so, and I hurried away with a vague sense of alarm. What was that telegram?

When I returned, she had changed her dress to a short tweed coat and skirt, and was sitting in front of the fire. She was not discomposed, and there was nothing really unusual about her, except that her slightest gesture seemed extraordinarily dramatic. An evening stillness pervaded the house. The clock on the stairs outside ticked solemnly. It made me think of Longfellow's poem:

"From its case of massive oak,  
Like a monk who, under his cloak,  
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!  
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,  
For ever—never,  
Never—for ever."

I went down to get her some tea, and have sandwiches cut. The servants were not disconcerted at these requests, they were so accustomed to Miss Terence's flittings to and fro. The stillness in the house became

oppressive. To break it, I rattled the teaspoon in the tray as I went upstairs again. She looked very tired, lying back in the chair, but so decisive that I almost feared to bring in the tea, lest she should think it an impertinence. However, she drank it, and seemed glad of it.

"Thank you!" she said, finally. "You say my taxi is coming—I will let you know when your next time is; at present I am not sure when I can take you, but I'll let you know. You have the notes? That's right! Many thanks for the tea. Good night!"

Her voice was metallic, but there was a sudden pathos in her eyes which made me exclaim:

"Oh! don't send me away now; not till you go. There may be something else you want done."

"Come and sit down then," she answered, and drew up another chair to the fire. She gave herself a little shake, and began to talk quietly about my affairs.

"Miss Terence, please don't talk," I said. "I am sure you would rather not. Just think of me as a fly on the ceiling, unless there is anything else I can do."

"That does not sound very sociable," she said. "However, I will take you at your word."

Then we sank into silence again, intense, impassable. Would nothing break down her reserve? Perhaps it was not right to wish I could. The fire died down, every foot-fall sounded in the street below, and the clock could be heard ticking distinctly through the closed, curtained door.

At last Miss Terence spoke.

"The telegram I had just now was about my fiancé. He is very ill. (Pause.) I became engaged to him when I first began to teach. We were very happy, although we knew it would have to be a long engagement, as he had but just been called to the Bar, and had no private means, and neither, of course, had I."

She paused again. Oh! I knew all about emotion then! There is emotion which expresses itself in tears and sobs and despairing words, and wild gestures, but there is emotion which is quiet and controlled, and that states its facts with a calm precision far more pathetic than the most passionate utterances. Miss Terence's voice was soft, and low, and clear, but it was heartrending.





"I looked at her amazed, 'I? What do you mean? I've done nothing!'"—p. 370.

Drawn by  
Stanley Dicks.

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"He was brilliantly clever. When he was a boy at school, his masters prophesied of him that he would do anything he wished, and he has done superbly well in every way, and he soon began to rise at the Bar. It takes so many years though before you make enough money to marry on. Perhaps you may have noticed his name—MacCartney—he has had several big cases lately. He was very anxious we should get married, and—and he overworked himself. We had settled our wedding-day—the twenty-sixth of July—when he broke down, and had a long illness. It left him subject to severe attacks of neuralgia. The pain was so acute that one day the doctor advised him to try a dose of laudanum, and he took it, and the taste for it grew—he took more and more. I didn't know at the time, until it was too late. He became an habitual laudanum drinker. He tries now to leave it off, for both our sakes, and suffers much. To-night I hear he has given way once more, so that is why I am rushing off like this."

She gazed sadly into the fire, and caught her breath for a moment. Then she turned to me again, and said with childlike simplicity:

"You don't know how I long to help him, and it all seems so slow. I keep on knowing that it has no attraction for him. I see him free always, and I am certain we shall come out on top by and by."

"No attraction!" I repeated after her; the thought was new to me.

"No; none at all! That's the way to look at it. You see, it hasn't any, has it? Nasty stuff like that!"

"I should so like you to know him," she continued. "He is such a dear fellow, and so witty and merry when he is himself, and so much cleverer than I am; he sets me right always."

"How long has all this been going on?"

"Some time now. This is about the eighth bad attack he has had. They don't send for me unless they cannot help it, because, of course, it sadly interferes with my work. But I am the only person who has any influence with him at these times. Sometimes I have been up all night, and have caught the milk train back in the morning, so as to be in time for early lectures, and have hardly known whether I was standing on my head or on my feet when I was giving them. You see, my difficulty is this: I

haven't the faintest doubt that he will get perfectly well, I'm quite certain of that; only, I can't make my people think my way, and they are anxious for me to break off the engagement."

"Oh!" I gasped. She seemed such an independent entity that I never imagined that she could have relations like ordinary women, but evidently she had.

"My father won't recognise my engagement now," she said. "I can never mention it, but, of course, that doesn't make the least difference to me, because I love him more now than I ever did, and I'm not going to give him up, not for one second. I know it will all be conquered, and indeed he is much better now than he was three months ago; so there it is, and it is foolish of me to take it all so sadly. I know it is going to be all right; don't cry, dear—it's not worth while, and there is no occasion to; I didn't mean to make you unhappy."

She had not shed a tear herself; but I was crying hopelessly. I could only stretch out my hand. She took it tenderly.

"Dear one!" she said gently, "what should I do without you?"

I looked at her amazed, and unconsciously knelt by her chair.

"I? What do you mean? I've done nothing!"

She took me in her arms.

"Indeed," she whispered, and I felt her kisses on my hair, "you have been the most blessed little comfort always."

And really from the way I sobbed and gasped with mingled spasms of joy and surprise, and gratitude and sympathy, it might have been all about my own engagement, instead of my dear, dear friend's. But that is just the worst of me. Whenever I want to help people, I break down myself, and give them a lot more trouble.



When, some eighteen months later, I was wellnigh frantic with excitement on Beatrice Terence's wedding-day, my mother observed that it was extraordinary how often legal geniuses such as Ian MacCartney married the most plain, undemonstrative women, and my aunt declared that "After that perfect fright of a Miss Terence marrying—at her age, too!—gracious heavens! there was hope for everyone!"

I let them talk.

# MAKING ENDS MEET

No. 3 in the Series "What the War has Meant to Me"

By A HARASSED HOUSEKEEPER

A large number of contributions have been sent in by my readers for this series. This is the first to be accepted, and a cheque for Five Guineas has been sent to the author, who, of course, remains anonymous.

**M**INE is the problem of reconciling a small fixed income and the present-day war prices, with their apparently measureless powers of growth.

## A Family of Four

We are four in family—an aged mother, an invalid father, a bachelor brother, whose years place him beyond the reach of the Military Service Act, and myself, "a spinster of uncertain age." Our resources consist of a small annuity purchased by my father in more prosperous days and the salary of my brother, who is a clerk in the City, unfortunately of the "stickit" type. He is conscientious and hardworking, but some twenty years ago his name and prospects alike seem to have been pigeonholed by the managers of his firm, and his labour is of the treadmill kind, as tedious and no more progressive. He is by nature imperturbable, nor has it occurred to him in the long years as a thing worth worrying over that only his microscopic income has prevented marriage.

Before the war we lived in simple comfort in a charmingly built modern house in a convenient suburb, and since my father's retirement we have kept one servant only. We have lived with care and strict economy, always within our income, but saving little or nothing.

Not many weeks after war broke out I, as housekeeper, began to realise that this comfortable state of affairs had already ceased to be. Drastic changes must be effected if I still hoped, like the honest blacksmith, to look the whole world in the face and owe not any man. For week by week the tradesmen's bills increased in every department of household expenditure, and with a steadiness that might alarm a stouter heart than mine. I felt strong sympathy with the Belgian lady refugee who, struggling with the elusive English tongue,

wrote in protest to her butcher—"Every week you grow more dear to me."

As I have said, we always had lived simply, and it seemed impossible to reduce accounts to any great extent without letting my parents feel the pinch, which I was naturally anxious to avoid. The alternative was to increase the total income.

## Trying to Increase the Income

I had been trained for secretarial work and had held a good position some time before the war, but had given it up when illness had made my presence necessary at home. Now I had very little difficulty in finding a half-time post at £1 a week, and hoped that my worries were at an end. Not a bit of it! My work, being in the morning, took me from home at a time when I was most needed. The young maid neglected her work. The invalid began to suffer, though uncomplainingly, from carelessly prepared meals. Household crises seemed to arise as soon as I had closed the door behind me. My mother looked harassed and weary, and I soon discovered that the general discomfort of the household was only equalled by the waste of coal and food in the kitchen. In vain I tried to find a really experienced and trustworthy and economical servant of the "old-fashioned" type. Apparently every old-fashioned treasure was at the moment making munitions!

My next idea was to engage a lady help or companion to take my place in the home, supervising the young maid, while I took a full-time post at £100 a year, which I knew to be within my reach. But my family were resolutely opposed to the introduction of a stranger to the home, and, moreover, a few simple calculations persuaded me that there would be little profit in such an arrangement, even from the financial stand-

## THE QUIVER

point. The prospective help would need a salary of £25 a year at least. Her board would cost another £20. These, with the maid's board and wages, would exhaust more than £80 of my £100, not including insurance, presents and sundries.

### The Only Remaining Solution

For weeks I pondered what seemed to be the only remaining solution of my problem. I knew it would be a difficult undertaking, but the more I thought of it the more fully convinced I became that the only way to save any considerable sum was to *become myself both general and companion too!* I gave my maid notice without compunction, since she was readily engaged elsewhere, and at the same time I resigned my clerical work. My family and friends were far from encouraging my scheme, and indeed they were frankly pessimistic at the prospect. I was told by the more candid ones—(1) That I was too old to begin that kind of thing. It would have been different if I had been twenty years younger. (2) That I was not too strong at the best of times, and things would not be improved by my breaking down. (3) That I knew nothing of what I was undertaking, and I would give it up in less than a month. (4) That I had no right to expose my family to ridicule, and that no one did that kind of thing in our circle.

Like the immortal Brer Rabbit, I "lay low and kept on saying nothing," and now, after sixteen months without a servant and without a breakdown, surely I may, with the Americans, "speak my say."

I began gently, having a woman in twice a week, once for washing and again for the heavier cleaning. She was of the usual kind. Though she lived within a stone's-throw, she never came before 9.30, and would then sit down serenely to a breakfast, which must have meat or bacon on its menu. Then there was a heavy dinner at midday, and as soon as she had finished an early tea, home she went, generally before five o'clock. She was clean and trustworthy and worked hard while she was at it, but after a few months of steadily rising prices I began my arithmetic once more, and decided that her services cost no less than 8s. a week, including food and insurance. Having come to the conclusion that so considerable a sum might be spent to greater advantage, I parted

with her—she also being at no loss for employment.

For a time I sent all the laundry out, but laundry charges increased, and gradually I came to do a little and a little more washing myself, drying it indoors to avoid observation. But the absurdity of such false pride made me one day take my courage in both hands, and on a bright and breezy spring morning I lighted the wash-house fire and hung up a line. Since then my weekly wash and drying has been carried on boldly in the sight of the neighbours, to their edification or amusement, as the case may be. By the help of careful preparations on the previous day I am now able to do all the family and household laundry work, excepting only sheets, large table-cloths and linen collars.

### A Surprise

At this stage in my war experiences there came a great surprise to us, at a time when our finances were in a fairly reliable condition. A friend said to me casually one day, "If ever you think of leaving your house, please let me know. I like it so much and it would suit me exactly." I said little to her, but hurried home to call a Secret Session of the Committee of Ways and Means in our family Parliament. We had taken our house on a lease, and when we had gone there no sign or thought of war was in the air, and we had looked forward to many peaceful years in it, for it attracted us all strongly. We had already spoken of removal to a smaller house as a possible means of retrenchment, but the idea had been dismissed because the chance of a good sub-let had seemed remote, and also because we were so entirely comfortable there. But this offer put a completely new complexion on the matter. After long discussion we decided that it was an opportunity not to be missed, and within three months we were safely established in a new home. We took this step because, though we could then manage to live within our income, yet, after a year of war, no sign of peace had appeared, and we had vague fears of what the future had in store of difficulty and distress. How many times we have been glad we did make the change, as the long months drag on and bring us problems which we scarcely dreamed of then.

To say we removed is easy, but the days

## MAKING ENDS MEET

of house-hunting were strenuous and almost heartbreaking. For only after we had definitely undertaken to remove within a stated time did we find that, being a munition area, there were no empty houses. It was not easy to believe that we had made a blunder in following this apparent lead, yet it almost seemed so as the time drew on and we expected to be driven to the costly discomfort of stored furniture and furnished rooms. Just in time a house fell empty, and to our delight it was suitable, though the rent of £35 was more than we had meant to give.

The new house was much smaller than the last, and we were obliged to sell some furniture which could not be accommodated. By a strange coincidence the proceeds exactly met the cost of removal.

### Moving in November

Have you ever removed in November? On one of those bleak, raw days for which the doleful month is ever notorious it was not a cheerful event. Daylight came grudgingly at 8 o'clock and had hastened away before 4 o'clock in the afternoon. But I was supported throughout the weary day by a proper pride in my handiwork. For let me not forget to say that I, myself, alone had laid the carpets and the linoleums, and had covered every carpet with a dust-sheet before any furniture remover ventured in. My charwoman had cleaned the house down while it was empty, and apart from that I managed without her help, so that the costs were not heavy. Muscularly—though not physically—I am strong, and I suppose by nature more or less "handy."

This removal saved us more than would at first appear. The reduction in rent, rates and taxes amounts to about £16, but beyond that our deliberate and open retrenchments have not been unnoticed by our friends, who now forbear to ask us constantly for donations to the hundred admirable funds afloat. This saves us the real pain of refusing what we would so gladly do if it were possible, and when it is possible we have the double pleasure of offering it unasked.

I have said nothing of petty economies, for every woman with a small fixed income of to-day has of necessity discovered them herself. Here again the servantless score, for modern maids will not take the trouble to make paper firelighters or home-made

fire-bricks. Deliberate care, such as servants will not give, is necessary to effect economies in soap, metal polish and the like. But that it is worth while I am persuaded, since my expenditure on these items (which used to mount up amazingly) decreased from the day my charwoman left me. As for coal—I use little more than one-half the quantity my maid required, and that with no fewer fires nor heavier gas bills.

### Food Economies

Food economies are hard to accomplish in a family always simple in diet. The invalid must have appetising meals; the City man needs nourishment; and I, being no longer young, do not pretend that a cup of tea and a roll "will do" for my midday meal. Surely the best economy is to spend freely on those things which yield a good return, and of these perhaps the first is wholesome food.

As to my methods of housework I have little to say. My policy is to keep things clean rather than have to make them so. A neighbour boasted that when she was without a maid her kitchen floor needed to be scrubbed once a week only. Mine is washed every day with mop, soap and soda, and *never* needs to be scrubbed, since I have no maid to soil it carelessly. I have spent many a shilling in personally recommended labour savers of various kinds. It has been money well spent, making it possible for one to go on while nursing, cooking, laundry and housework are the work of one pair of hands alone. I am satisfied that the house is clean, since now the mistress "herself must every corner see." Lately more visitors have been this way than usual, and I suspect them of a kindly curiosity as to my failure or success. Those who stay a few days I have seen covertly scrutinising the house with a keenness scarcely accidental. I have smiled to myself and said nothing. My reward has come when they have said: "I wish my house were as well kept."

This brings my experiences up to date, but I should like to draw a few conclusions from them. When first money difficulties began to trouble me I made two resolutions: (1) That nothing should persuade me to run into debt, or even to leave my tradesmen's bills unpaid beyond a week. (2) That I would not try to explain away my economies

## THE QUIVER

to my friends, or pretend to more means than we possessed. The first has saved me untold worry, for I always know how our finances stand, and the nightmare of unpaid accounts has no power to disturb my nights or days. The second would, I thought, weed out the false friends from the true. But no, every one has stood the test. And I admit the sight is comical, perhaps embarrassing—the sight of the middle-aged lady of a select and sometimes critical suburban society hanging out her laundry or washing her front doorsteps. Is it that my friends are of uncommonly sterling worth, or that this war, having brought us face to face with elemental facts, has changed our scale of values and has made them genuine at last? In either case all honour to the friends whose kindness has done so much to help me on.

### What I Dread Most

I admit that my friends' forecast of illness for myself has given me many a qualm, for I have often felt that it was a difficulty not unlikely to occur. But so far I have had only two days in bed in sixteen months, and although those were days of misery for all concerned, yet, somehow, in a truly British way, we "muddled through."

Frankly, I do not know what we should do if I did collapse seriously. But when such thoughts force themselves upon me I try to remember that the same is just as true of thousands of my fellow countrywomen, mothers of families, upon whom everything depends.

I admit that it is no easy thing to get up in the darkness and chill of these winter mornings at the stroke of 6 o'clock. No, it is by no means only the youngsters who like to lie abed. Many a time when limbs

are aching from a previous day's work I have felt that *nothing* matters save another hour's rest. Strange that one's alarm clock has no power to stir one's conscience, which always seems to slumber till the dawn! Then I scold myself for a coward, and try to realise that in its very humble way my task is as necessary as that of the thousands of factory girls, munition workers and even the soldier lads themselves, who at that moment are "turning to," no more easily than I, but bound to answer to the *réveillé* of another day.

### The Outside Interests

Experience has taught me much. When first I undertook the whole work of the house I simultaneously gave up all my outside interests, dropped the little bit of war work I was doing, and suffered agonies of remorse in consequence, beside the slow starvation of mind and soul. Yet with incessant drudgery the days seemed never long enough to accomplish the thousand little attentions a house and family require, of the extent of which the kindest of our men-folk never dream. But slowly I have changed much of that. I came to learn that half an hour of complete rest after early dinner is not only a comfort but a sound investment, and by degrees I have come to *make* the time to see my friends, to work a little again for our Red Cross Supply Depot, and even to potter in my much-loved tiny garden.

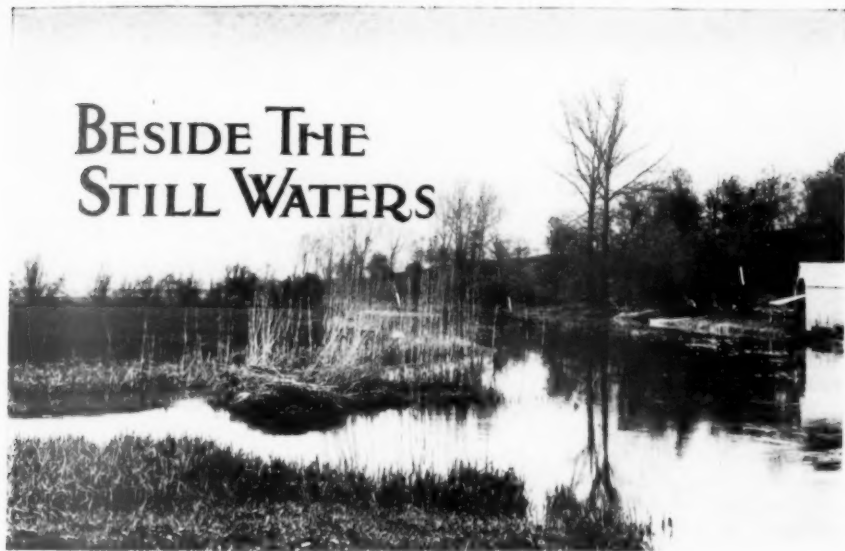
My family agree that the little home was at no time so peaceful or so truly homelike as now, when it is never invaded save by a friend.

I wish with all my heart that every harassed housekeeper might find so happy a solution of her woes.





# BESIDE THE STILL WATERS



## The Wider Sea

**W**ITHIN the land-locked bay I mourning lie,  
Soul-stirred by glimpses of the wider sea,

*Across the shallow bar that prisons me,  
And breaks a-mocking when I seek to fly.*

*In vain my wide-aspiring sails I spread,  
To catch the breezing impulse that would fain  
Waft my soul onward to the open main—  
In vain, since lies that locking bar ahead!*

*Yet, spite of all my fretting and unrest,  
There sometimes comes to me, in calmer mood,*

*A consciousness of ever-present good,  
And that the narrow-circling bay is best.*

*And so I wait, half-conscious that for me  
There surely stirs God's providential tide,  
Upon whose broad breast some time I shall ride*

*Across the bar, to sail the wider sea.*

CHARLES WESLEY CASSON.



**O** HEART! Just endeavour! It is so easy to be good; to appear so only is such a heavy misery.—RÜCKERT.



**A**CT upon your impulses, but pray that you may be directed by God.—TENNENT.

## The Right Intention

**A** YOUNG boy was promenading about the yard on stilts and enjoying himself hugely. His fond big sister did not exactly share his pleasure in the performance.

"If you fall off those awkward things, Bobby, I'm afraid you will have a broken arm or leg to nurse," she said anxiously. Bobby leaned against the porch rail for a moment's rest while he replied:

"Don't you worry about me, Lucille. I don't intend to fall," and away he stalked with sure strides of his long wooden legs.

That is exactly the right way to go about being good. There's a right and wrong way about that, as much as about using stilts. One can wobble along on them, trying not to fall, hoping yet fearing, stepping out timidly, wondering how soon he will trip and come down—and that is usually what happens. Or he can put fears and doubts out of his mind, step out confidently yet with care too, fix his eye on a goal and make for it, intend not to fall—and he will soon be master of the tricky poles.

So he can set out to be good. He need not keep his eye on the temptations that might upset him. Better fix heart and mind on the right to be attained; put more strength in the intention to be good and less in fears and doubts and misgivings. So he can avoid many a stumble, meet only the unavoidable difficulties, and learn to walk surely in the paths of righteousness.—CORA S. DAY.

# THE SOLDIER'S STORY

By

HARCOURT PAGE

A GUARD of honour was lined up before the handsome entrance to a golf club house. A guard of honour in unconventional uniforms and with still more unconventional weapons—quaint swords made of wood, bayonets of tin, with here and there a bow and arrow. But what was lacking in size, strength, and equipment was more than made up for in *moral*. The faces of the little "Army" were lit up with enthusiasm, their bodies upright and taut. They stood rigidly to attention, with their arms at the "present," to receive some fifty gallant wounded soldiers, from the battlefields of Belgium and France, who, at the invitation of the committee, were coming to be entertained for the afternoon by the club. Precisely to time these brave warriors arrived, and passed slowly between the ranks of that guard of honour—little boys and girls varying in age from five to twelve.

Distinguished from the others, inasmuch as he was a Belgian and the rest were British, was a tall, powerfully built man. His left sleeve was empty, and the cuff was pinned to his tunic, just beneath a narrow ribbon—a ribbon that showed he had won the highest award for courage given by his King. He had a broad, bronze-complexioned, kindly face, and as he passed along the lines of those little children he smiled—a smile that was full of tenderness and charm, although it was not without a certain wistfulness in the way it curved at the corners of his large, generous lips.

The sight of those children, so obviously full of a martial spirit, loosed a flood of strange thoughts in his mind. He had had children of his own, and they, too, had once played at soldiers, but they had experienced real war, while these— And he passed into the club house. Later he came out and strolled on the lawns. He wandered away by himself, still thinking of that childish guard of honour, and all that it had suggested to him. After a while a small, dark, curly-haired boy of eleven came

shyly up to him, accompanied by a little, fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, roguish-eyed girl of six, and a round, merry-faced, tubby boy of seven.

"You are a Belgian, are you not?" said the boy of eleven.

"Yes," answered the real soldier.

"And you are a sergeant too?" added the boy, fingering the stripes.

"Oh, that also is right. And you?"

"Oh, I am the captain of our army—the Grenadiers!" proudly announced the youngster, who followed Buffalo Bill rather than Kitchener as his sartorial model.

"I am a Red Cross nurse," chipped in the little girl.

"And I am the bugler," claimed the tubby boy.

"And we want you to tell us about the war," said the captain.

"And how you lost your arm," put in the little boy.

The soldier regarded them reflectively.

"You want to hear about the war," he repeated presently.

"Yes, yes. Oh, do, do please tell us," piped the children eagerly in chorus.

Silently the soldier and veteran of many fights led his youthful brethren-in-arms to an old rustic seat, and having seated himself upon it, the two smaller children clambered upon his knees, for, as has been said, he had a kind face, and children are ever excellent readers of character.

"Well," commenced the veteran, a little haltingly, "once upon a time there was a splendid white palace——"

"But we want to hear about the war," interrupted the little boy.

"We don't want to hear any silly fairy tales," disdainfully seconded the little girl.

"But how do you know I'm going to tell you a fairy story? And, even if I were, don't you want to hear about fairies any more?"

"I should think not," declared the little boy; "they're only for silly kids and

## THE SOLDIER'S STORY

labies. We're soldiers, and we want to hear about real things, about fighting and killing, and all that."

Again a sad smile crept over the soldier's bronzed countenance.

"It may be," he reflected, "that fairies are more real than anything else."

"But they don't exist," persisted the small boy.

"You say that because you don't see them, and you don't see them because you don't look for them," replied the soldier.

"Oh, do, do tell us about the war," pleaded the little girl, who was growing impatient.

"Well, as I said before," resumed the soldier, "once upon a time there was a lovely white palace, built in a wonderful garden—"

"Oh! a beastly fairy story—I want to hear about the war," again interrupted the little boy petulantly.

"Oh, shut up!" commanded his captain sternly.

"—and there lived in the white palace,"

proceeded the soldier, refusing to yield to the children's demand for a war story, "a beautiful little Princess, and this little Princess believed in fairies. In the royal gardens there worked a gardener, and to this gardener the little Princess would sometimes come when she played in the gardens, and she would tell him about the fairies. I must tell you that in the palace grounds there was a small ornamental pond, surrounded by beautiful flowers, and the gardener was working there one sunny morning when the little Princess came suddenly upon him.

"'I've been thinking such a lot about fairies,' said the little Princess, 'and, do you know, gardener, to-night they're to have their Full-Moon Ball.'"

"'Full-Moon Ball, little Highness?'"

"'Don't you know that when the moon is full the fairies celebrate the occasion by a ball? That is why the bees are so busy this morning collecting honey for the fairies' supper, for the fairy cooks make such lots of dishes from honey, you know. . . ."



"'Well,' commenced the veteran, haltingly, 'once upon a time—'"

Drawn by  
Warwick Reynolds.

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Don't your little children ever think of fairies, gardener?"

"I'm afraid not, little Highness," answered he. "They play at soldiers instead."

"At soldiers! But there! You are a soldier yourself—a real soldier."

"I was, little Highness, and now I'm in the first reserve of the guard."

"But don't you think fairies are far more beautiful than soldiers? And they build things too, don't they? Do you know that when the orchards are in flower and the wind blows, the fairies hasten to gather up the apple blossom that falls to the ground, and piling it in heaps, they make beds of it? They hollow out trees too, and make little houses with mushroom and toad-stool furniture. When you see toad-stools at the bottom of tree-trunks you know that the fairies are moving either in or out, or having a spring clean. Some fairies, of course, live in flowers; they like narcissi especially, for when there are storms the narcissi close up so that the fairies are kept warm and protected."

"And to-night is the Full-Moon Ball," went on the little Princess, and the gardener became so interested in what she told him that he forgot all about his work. "Yes, to-night's the Full-Moon Ball. Can't you hear the birds practising for it now? The nightingales, larks, and linnets will give a concert, while other birds—the thrushes, tomtits, and swallows—will form the orchestra to make music for the fairies to dance to, majestic blackbirds will ring the bluebells, and Peter Pan is coming with his pipes to help them, while woodpeckers will beat time with their beaks on the tree-trunks. You know the fairies' ball-room is in that big bank over there—among those tall irises and soft, feathery ferns, and it is on that lump of bark, on that huge tree near by, that the orchestra will sit. The glow-worms are coming to light the ball-room, and it will be sweetly scented with lilac, violet, and geranium blossom. There will be arches of rose petals leading from the ball to the supper room, which will be carpeted with dark-green moss, and draped with primroses; the fairies will sit on one-o'clock stools at little sunflower tables, and many-hued peacocks will wait upon them. If it rains the spiders will spin a huge gossamer web over the ball-room to keep the fairies dry."

"Some of the fairies will come to the ball

carried by white pigeons, while the fairy queen will have an escort of lovely, velvety black bumble-bees and wonderful butterflies, and she will ride on the back of a bird-of-paradise or a richly coloured parrot. Some of the fairies that live in the lilies on the pond have made up parties, and the swans have offered to bring them—a lot of fairies could ride on a swan, couldn't they? And the down will make nice soft seats for them. Other swans—can't you see them even now, pushing their long necks deep into the water?—are catching gold-fish for the fairies to eat."

"The fairies will wear rare jewels of dew-drops. Oh, indeed, it will be a wonderful sight! More beautiful than anything you have ever seen, man gardener."

"And I would so like your little children to be there to watch it. They could be, you know—if you tell them all I have told you. And then, when they go to bed, they must just close their eyes and think of this garden, and the flowers, and the pond, and presently, if they think hard enough, they will see the fairies too—and all the dream scene."

"It is quite a pretty story," the tubby boy soldier condescendingly admitted; "but I should like to have heard about the war."

"Much better to hear about fairies," said the soldier stolidly. "And much better to play at fairies than at soldiers."

"But don't fairies ever fight?" demanded the tubby little boy.

"No, for seeing everything, knowing all things, they understand that there is nothing to be gained by fighting—that life is too beautiful to destroy."

"And did the little Princess, who knew all about fairies—did she live?" queried the little girl that nestled closely to him.

"Yes," replied the soldier slowly; "but one sad day some very big and cruel hornets came and drove her from her white palace. But I am certain she still believes in her fairies, and is sure that one day they will give her back her home."

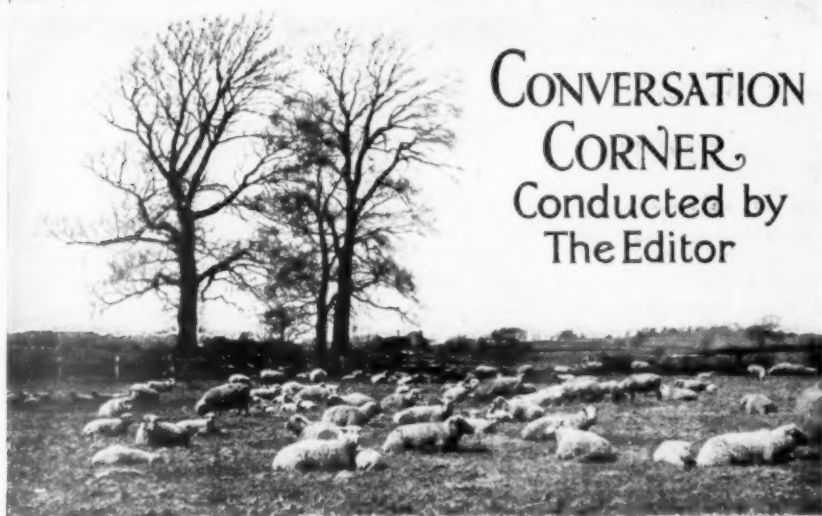
But the tubby boy was unconvinced.

"But your own children. Don't *they* play at soldiers?" he insisted, militantly.

The real soldier smothered a sob.

"They can never play at anything any more; that is why I am telling you about fairies," he replied simply.

# CONVERSATION CORNER Conducted by The Editor



## Romance

**I**N the waning light of a misty winter day I have been sitting by my office fire reading the proofs of Miss Violet Methley's story, "La Belle Sauvage," and letting my fancy carry me away from the printed word back to the romantic days of the past. A dozen yards from where I sit there may have been enacted just such a story as Miss Methley pictures. I can almost hear from outside my window the noise of the coach drawing into the Yard, the clatter of the horses' feet on the cobbles, the banging of parcels, the blowing of the horn.

## Why should it be?

**H**OW is it that time throws a misty veil of romance over the doings of past days? To-day there are horses and men clattering about that same Yard. There is no coach, but a stolid wagoner is delivering great bales of paper destined for the printing presses over the way. Why should the old-time coach-and-four be so romantic, and the modern van so ordinary and everyday? I cannot explain it, yet—as with most people—the antiquity of the thing throws its spell over my imagination. I love to dream of that quaint old coach-house at the Yard. I delight to recall the old rambling houses

of Ludgate Hill, narrow, tortuous Fleet Street, old Temple Bar as Johnson knew it, and Whitefriars and Blackfriars as the worthy citizens of Old London knew—and avoided!—them. I love to dig up the quaint old maps of the places that I know; to picture, say, gay Vauxhall Pleasure Grounds, where until recently they stopped your train to collect tickets—and where now they keep you waiting till there is a clear road into Waterloo Station! If I cannot quite imagine the sweet-smelling roses of Hatton Garden, I can sometimes see the slow filing pilgrims toiling painfully along the uneven road where now a deplorable L.C.C. tram switches swiftly through mediocre suburban streets.

## In the Light of the Future

**R**EALLY, I suppose I have not imagination enough. These days and these scenes, pictured through other eyes in the far-off days of the future, will have, I suppose, just as much romance about them as old Georgian times or the dashing Cavalier days. In those days—that-are-to-come some popular novelist—possibly your grandson, or mine—will "specialise" on the Great War, just as our popular novelists do on the French Revolution. Some clever artist of those days will re-create the Britain of

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the War, and those far-off derizens of the future will see these times of ours with the halo round them. The twenty-first century author and artist (who never knew anything about it) will show how delightfully young was life in the "good old days" of 1917. ❀

### When this will be Old-Fashioned

**M**ORE than that—oh, horror of horrors!—some curious tourist will turn in at the Yard and enthusiastically inspect the spot where paper carts were relieved of their loads, where printing presses turned and throbbed, where weary editors thought and planned. Maybe from among some old dusty archives they will drag out a battered volume of *THE QUIVER*, and remark on the quaint conceit of the "Conversation Corner," the archaic style of its Editor, the old-fashioned look of its type and pages! If, in those dizzy, unknown days one of those dreamers of a world-to-be should alight on these pages, I adjure him solemnly to accept my assurance that I am just as ordinary, everyday as he is himself, as much flesh and blood as he, to wit—and a good deal more so, as I can testify! . . .

### As a Dream

**I** STOP my garrulous pen for a moment, for five o'clock has struck, the hour at which, under the pains and penalties of the Defence of the Realm Act, I must draw my window blind! How absurd the thought will appear, even in six months' time, that we must light up and pull down our blinds before five o'clock in the afternoon! The seasons change so quickly; yet it is as difficult to think of long summer days in winter as it will be in the hot season to visualise the long cold nights.

As quickly as the seasons change, so will our present state. The whole atmosphere of war will be like some ill-visaged nightmare as we look back on it in only a few short months from now. It will be all over, as far off as June days are from December. ❀

### "Carry on!"

**M**EANWHILE for yet a little longer we must toil on, and hope. And in the long days of peace we shall look back with tenderest memories on just

those experiences which are at present most trying. In the words of the soldier: "Carry on!" ❀

### A Babies' Number

**I** HAVE often thought of having a special "Babies' Number" of *THE QUIVER*, and now, greatly venturing, I am going to attempt it—at the least favourable time! War time is a bad time for the infant population. Both before and after birth the strain of war conditions is none too favourable for the production of virile young life. How has the war affected the babies? Well, first of all, I am having an article on "War-Time Babies," in which my Special Commissioner endeavours to find out what precisely is the situation; the facts and figures she presents should prove to be very valuable.

From a different point of view is an article on "Babies and the Birth-Rate." It is signed "By an Ordinary Woman," and presents some of these facts and factors which govern the average parent on the question of babies in war time—factors which are so often left out of account by the advocates of increased population. ❀

### "Twilight Sleep"

**I** DO not think I need to apologise for an article of inquiry into the claims of "Twilight Sleep." Miss Barnard has gone most carefully and thoroughly into the subject, and the result of her investigations ought to be of great help to thousands of anxious mothers and mothers-to-be. "The Truth about Twilight Sleep," she calls her article, and it is an attempt at a perfectly unbiased examination of the subject.

Our story-writers have turned their talents to good account for my "War-Time Babies' Number," and stories about children in general and babies in particular will be prominent. These are some of the features of my March number, and I hope in due course to have the opinions of my readers on the vital questions that will be touched upon.

*The Editor*



# THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

A Little Talk on the Law of Compensation

By JOHN HORACE LOCKWOOD

"There is no sorrow so intense  
But time will bring a recompense;  
No joy so deep but the sad to-morrow  
May prove its counterpart in sorrow.

"Each life is given its cross to bear;  
Each soul may have a crown to wear;  
And each will find, when the race is run,  
The place attained must first be won.

"God's law is absolute and just  
To him who follows in faith and trust;  
And the burdens and cares the years shall leaven,  
And prove the stepping-stones to heaven."

THE wisest philosophers agree that there is a Law of Compensation. No man may cheat the world; and no man may be cheated by the world. "So much for so much" is a phrase that has become current in these days of commercial strife.

## Demanding an Equivalent

There is a strong tendency on all sides to demand an equivalent. Not that there is less charity than formerly—in fact, there is more—but the idea of charity (giving without receiving) is being supplanted by the idea of self-help. The coming ideal is one of returns for service rather than of bestowal of alms. We see this spirit everywhere.

In our commercial life, which is the phase of life most common, we have long felt this spirit of Compensation becoming a dominant factor. And we have felt that it is cold-blooded. In fact, the idea has gone forth that the world is becoming mercenary, that business has become a god, that buying and selling have taken the place of every virtue in our human relationships.

This is true in many instances, and if we have not the inner vision—the spiritual understanding—we will say that the world is more cold-blooded than ever before. But, back of the commercial idea, there is an absolutely benign ideal.

The physical is only the appearance. One who has learned to look below the surface will see the deeper, more significant message of every phase of life.

The world is seeking balance!

Balance is another word for Compensation, for equity.

Balance means giving and receiving in equal proportion.

Why have we not seen the equity of this ideal of balance expressed in our commercial life?

Why, in other words, has our commercialism seemed so cold and so unjust—so unbalanced, that we have appeared to be a lot of money grabbers instead of seekers after equity: balance?

Because we have not the right estimate of what constitutes Compensation. Our idea of Compensation is too often based upon the actual coin, upon money, notwithstanding we can't possibly estimate Compensation by an exterior condition.

## The Rich Reward

For example, a woman may scrub floors for her livelihood; she may be the sole support of a family of five children. That would seem to be something of a hardship—a source of anxiety and certainly a necessity to toil. But you who know such actual cases often find that there is Compensation in the form of happiness, of health, of hope, and cheerfulness and optimism, which far outbalances the necessity for toil and the anxiety.

I have known many rich people—very many.

I have known many poor people—too many, because this world can get along without poverty, and other phases of in-harmony. I can say truthfully, that in my experience the poor are frequently happier than the rich. On the other hand, the rich may be as happy as the poor, and the unfortunate scrub woman may be as unhappy, as hopeless, as sour and vindictive, as the dyspeptic billionaire.

Therefore it is very evident that I, at least, cannot regard money as a basis of Compensation. Compensation cannot have a gold standard.

## THE QUIVER

**What, then, should be our standard of Compensation? Returns:** that which the person gets out of his conduct of life. You can get nothing from without, nothing that is real.

Everything that you really get must come from within.

If you have not the capacity to enjoy the beautiful, the beautiful does not mean anything to you.

If you have not love in your soul, all the love you attract from without cannot make you happy.

All things are from within outward.

All things that are "grabbed" and held close, and sought for, only for their supposed value, will be found to have no value. That which we use, radiate, and seek to give, that is what we have.

### Giving and Getting

If you give out nothing to the world, then you have nothing.

If you give out much, you have much.

No torture is equal to that of those who are incapable of tears.

To have a calloused soul, unaffected by joy or sorrow, surely is too great a price to pay for immunity from suffering.

And if we would have tender hearts, if we would have sensitive, refined, spiritualised souls, what must we expect?

We must expect to feel the harsh vibration of discord, of strife, and greed and ingratitude, which we know the mortal mind has not yet outgrown.

Unless we have capacity to feel these disharmonies intensely, we cannot sense deeply the harmonies that bring joy and pleasure. Exquisite responsiveness to pleasure is balanced in all life in equal degree by the capacity for suffering. But that does not mean that we must necessarily suffer more than we enjoy, or that we must cultivate misery like the old lady who was always "miserable, thank God." The mere capacity for grief and suffering does not ensure joy and is not its own Compensation, except to the extent that we properly employ it. To specialise in woe, because in consequence we must radiate woe, adds to the misery of those about us, and increases the sum total of unhappiness in the world. Our Compensation for that, in all justice, should be more woe for ourselves.

Because trouble may be the refining-pot

in which some natures are purified, or in which all may be purified, is no reason for going about to seek or to make trouble. It is just as wrong to bid for sorrow and pain as it is to risk our own and others' happiness in reckless seeking for pleasure.

### The Price we Pay

Anguish of soul is not to be cultivated; but it is the price we pay for being able to understand, appreciate, sympathise, and enjoy. If our sorrow is not fully compensated by an equivalent in happiness, we lack balance, and the trouble is not with the world, but within ourselves. We are told to "weep with them that weep," and also to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," but we are not to "be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow."

Too many people curse God and revile all who are apparently more fortunate than themselves, when their misfortunes are really their own fault. The sooner they find out how they are treating themselves, find who is out of harmony, who lacks balance, and proceed to correct their own faults and put the past behind them, the sooner will they realise the beneficent Law of Compensation.

Every person comes into the world owing the world a debt of gratitude.

You have heard it said that "the world owes us a living," but, as a matter of fact, no one can be normally born without being under obligations to those who have preceded him as well as to Nature herself.

### We Cannot Escape Payment

The Law of Compensation is so ingrained into the fabric of the universe that we cannot escape it.

No one can hope to cheat the universe.

Some may imagine that if they can avoid payment—in whatsoever way payment is expected—then they are just so much "in"—they have "saved" something.

But how absurd it is to try to beat the Law of Compensation!

It is natural to expect returns—to expect that we may, in our daily life, each and every moment, reap Compensation. But how shall the merely human life become the divine life, except it can rise superior to the physical, the natural?

How can anyone manifest divinity if he

## THE PRICE OF HAPPINESS

is looking for bargains in effort, bargains in sympathy, bargains in loving?

If we look at life from the very limited, merely mortal viewpoint, we might conclude that there is nothing that can compensate for certain sacrifices.

And yet no sacrifice is an injury that is a loving sacrifice. The power of love knows no limit in life or death. The patriotic mother whose husband and sons are killed in defence of her country says without complaint, "I have not lost them; I gave them." She has given all—her loved ones, her beautiful home, her fortune; and the miserable pittance she earns at unaccustomed hard labour she shares with an adopted godson, to whom, never having seen, she writes: "You have no mother, I have no son. You shall be my godson. May God protect you, but, if must be, I will make another sacrifice, and do you remember that through it all my love will be with you."

### Life is Greater than Lifetime

If we will go to Nature, if we look over the history of the past, if we will, above all, realise that life is infinitely greater than one short, physical lifetime, we may know that "God's law is absolute and just."

"Though the mills of God grind slowly,  
Yet they grind exceeding small;  
Though with patience stands He waiting,  
With exactness grinds He all"—

not in the spirit of revenge, but in the spirit of the Law of Compensation.

If we will accept the Law of Compensation as an absolute fact; if we will start with the proposition that justice has been or will be done and assume the balance does exist, we are then in the proper attitude to seek for the causes which have produced the effects that we so much desire for ourselves.

To be content with what we have is not

always a virtue. Unless we make the most of what we have, our contentment may be nothing more than laziness, lack of ambition, or a neglect of our blessings, to seek for something we have no right to expect and that would make us unhappy to possess.

What would you do if you had a million? Well, most of us would make fools of ourselves, even as others have done.

One marvellous fact is so much a part of our everyday life that we seldom notice it. It is this:

No person, no matter what his circumstances, his condition in life, really wants to be anyone other than himself.

We may think we want to be someone else, but we don't.

We want the other person's seeming advantage—but we would not be anyone else if we could be.

This fact alone proves that there is a just, an equitable Law of Balance.

### The True Compensation

It frequently occurs that the more exalted a life, the nearer to the highest ideal, the more truly spiritual—the more that life seems to fail to win compensating returns. Why?

Because such a life cannot be compensated in visible returns; such a life cannot be paid in material things.

We know this—we see this fact evidenced in the history of all such highly illumined souls. Spiritual gifts must have spiritual compensations.

And who can measure spiritual Compensation?

No atom can be destroyed. Nothing can be lost from the universe. This is true of organic material; how much more must it be true of good deeds and impulses—unselfish, universal generosity—cosmic generosity.





# The Home Department



## MARMALADE

By BLANCHE ST. CLAIR

THERE are two very important points to be remembered in connection with every subject under discussion in these days of war.

As good patriots, our first consideration must be economy and how our actions will affect the other members of the community. The second is the question of saving labour, for many of the women who in pre-war times devoted a great part of their lives to housewifely pursuits have, nowadays, gladly responded to their country's call, and are giving freely of their time and skill to whatever duty has come their way.

Now most practical persons know that to be successfully economical requires much forethought and not a little personal supervision, and one of the most difficult problems with which we women are confronted to-day is how to maintain the old standard of upkeep in addition to punctual attendance at hospital, munition works, or other war-work depots. Whatever else has to be neglected, it is most important that war workers of every kind get good wholesome meals. A short time ago it was officially pointed out that persons engaged in any kind of work must start the day with a substantial breakfast, and specimen menus were given typical of the foods most necessary to maintain health and strength. Being extremely interested in the subject,

I carefully studied these menus, and was delighted to find that in every breakfast suggested, marmalade was mentioned as the best finish to the meal. I have always been a great believer in marmalade as an extremely healthy and wholesome breakfast preserve.

Everyone agrees that of all jams made at home marmalade is the most paying and profitable, and I am sure, even taking the scarcity of sugar and difficulties of labour and time into consideration, I am neither unpatriotic nor unreasonable in urging my readers to make every effort to secure a plentiful supply of home-made marmalade.

### The Preparations

Unlike other preserves, marmalade can be made in sections; for if, after the preliminary cutting up of the fruit, something occurs to delay the final processes of boiling and putting into jars, the fruit will not spoil if it is left in the soaking water for two, or even three, days. The recipes which follow are selected with a view to meeting individual requirements, and, as far as is practicable to ensure good results, they are as economical as possible.

The first recipe has been used for generations in my own family. I always cut up the fruit with a cucumber slicer, as we prefer marmalade that can be "eaten" to the



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EVERY life has its wagon to haul—and only God knows how heavy are some. It may be a business care or a family sorrow, a public embarrassment or a private shame. It may be the burden of ill-health—you remember poor Jo's "cart"?

But, whatever it be, it will be lightened if you help to make the lives of little children brighter. And you may do this by taking a practical interest in the National Children's Home—described by a leading Sociologist as "An Association of Experts in Child-Saving" and undoubtedly one of the finest institutions of the kind within the Empire.

Month by month we shall make known to readers of THE QUIVER some phase of this great work, and we invite one and all to watch for our message and to hitch their "wagon" to this "star," which has brought hope to thousands of sad and afflicted little children.

Write for particulars, or send a gift to the Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.

Principal:  
Rev. W. HODSON SMITH.

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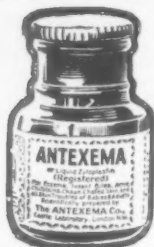
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## MARMALADE

orange-flavoured jelly with here and there a shred of rind that some persons like. The thickness of the peel can, of course, be regulated to suit the individual. Failing the possession of a cucumber slicer, I strongly advise my readers to use a slicing machine, which can be hired from almost any ironmonger at the cost of 6d. or 9d. for the half-day. This saves hours of tedious labour, not to mention the cut fingers which so many of my friends seem to acquire during the marmalade-making season. I need hardly remind THE QUIVER readers that the fruit must be thoroughly cleansed before it is cut into slices. Mere wiping, or even rubbing, on a damp cloth is not sufficient to remove the dirt that often accumulates in hard lumps in the interstices of the rough skins. Many persons soak the fruit in salted water for twenty-four hours to cleanse it, but I think thoroughly scrubbing with a clean brush and wiping on a dry cloth are quite enough.

### Recipe No. 1

To every 7 bitter oranges allow 2 sweet ones, 1 large lemon, and 7 lb. sugar.

Wash the fruit and slice the rind finely or coarsely, according to taste. It is best to cut up all the rinds first, throwing the centres into a bowl. Then, using a sharp knife and a wooden board, scrape the pulp from the inner skin and add it to the rinds. Put the pith and pips into a muslin bag, and place this also with the rest of the fruit. Pour 6 pints of cold water over, stir well, and leave for twenty-four hours. Next day turn all into the preserving pan and let the fruit boil for at least half an hour. Whilst the fruit is boiling, weigh the sugar and spread it on large dishes. Stand in a cool oven or in front of the fire, so that the sugar gets thoroughly warm before it is added to the boiling fruit. This is a saving of both time and firing, for if the sugar is added cold it throws the fruit off the boil and the final cooking takes much longer.

After the sugar has been added the preserve must be constantly stirred to prevent burning. Remember that very rapid boiling reduces the quantity and spoils the colour of the jam, therefore do not have more heat than produces a gently bubbling surface. Marmalade generally jellies, and is therefore cooked about three-quarters of an hour after the sugar is added; but the granu-

lated sugar, which is the best substitute for the loaf we used in pre-war times, necessitates rather longer boiling to produce a stiff, firm preserve.

### Recipe No. 2

If it is not possible to obtain either a slicer or a cutting machine, time and sore fingers can be saved by boiling the peels before shredding them. Cut the oranges into quarters and separate the peel from the pulp. Put the former into a basin and leave it to soak for twelve hours. Take the pips away from the pulp. Next day boil the peels in the soaking water until quite tender, then cut into fine slices or pass through a coarse mincing machine. Mix the pulp with the peel, and weigh. To every pound of fruit allow  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar. Put all into a preserving pan and boil for 20 minutes. This marmalade sounds rather complicated, but as it is made in sections and takes less personal attention by reason of the short boiling after the sugar has been added, it is recommended to those who can only spare a little time each day for home occupations.

### Recipe No. 3

For a coarse marmalade which closely resembles the celebrated (and costly) "Oxford" marmalade, use the following recipe:

Slice coarsely as many bitter oranges as are required, take out the pips and pith, and put the peel and pulp into a stone jar. Stand the jar, covered, in a cool oven, or in a fish kettle three-parts full of boiling water. Cook until the peel is soft and digestible. Do not forget to add the pips tied up in a muslin bag, for these contain a well-flavoured gelatinous extract which greatly improves the marmalade. Weigh the cooked fruit, and to every pound allow an equal quantity of sugar. Turn into the preserving pan and cook as usual. This marmalade will be somewhat dark in colour and thick in composition, but it is exceedingly nice and wholesome, and possesses the additional advantage that a little of it goes a long way.

### The Sugar Scarcity

All good citizens are trying to comply with the request of the Government and reduce their consumption of sugar. Several of my readers have recently written asking for information regarding glucose as a

## THE QUIVER

sugar substitute, and I am happy to be able to give them accurate information on this subject.

In the first place, let me explain the nature of glucose, or "corn syrup," as our American cousins call the preparation.

Glucose is a thick, slightly greenish syrup that looks very like glycerine. It becomes thicker in cold weather, but quickly liquefies when stood in a warm place. It cannot be used as a complete substitute for sugar, as most persons seem to think; the correct proportions are 1 part glucose to 2 parts sugar. Therefore, in making marmalade according to the first recipe you would require 21 bitter oranges, 7 sweet oranges, 3 lemons, 18 pts. water, 7 lb. glucose, and 14 lb. sugar.

Glucose can be bought by the pound, or

in tins containing 7 lb. or 14 lb. The price fluctuates, and, like every other commodity, it is becoming more expensive.

When glucose is used in making jam it must not be added until the preserve is almost ready to be put into pots, i.e. at the very end of the cooking process. It is then stirred into the boiling pulp and the boiling continued a little longer than usual, until, in fact, the mixture is reduced to the same quantity that it was before the glucose was added. This is a very important point, and the extra cooking is necessary, because glucose contains 25 per cent. of water which, in order that the preserve shall keep, must be boiled away.

If any QUIVER readers experience difficulty in obtaining glucose I shall be pleased to tell them where to write for 7-lb. or 14-lb. tins.

## A REQUEST

STATISTICS are being collected in order to compare the amounts of jams that are, in normal times, made at home, with those bought at shops. I shall be much obliged if readers who are in the habit of making pre-erves from British-grown fruits

(not oranges, dried apricots and other imported fruits) will let me know, on post cards addressed to Mrs. St. Clair, THE QUIVER Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C., the different kinds and quantities of jams they used to make before the war.



White Currants.

Photo: E. Sigmund.

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Brogue Buckle shoe. Always smart and stylish for Town or Country.

**20/-**

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**IT IS A SHOE THAT'S SURE TO SATISFY THE WEARER**  
Splendidly made from Best Black or Tan Leathers. Walking Sole. Cuban Heel. All Sizes and Fittings. Send size and name outline of foot and foot to **THE FIVE**.  
**A. T. HOGG (No. 160), STRATHMILLO, FIFE.**  
The Pioneer and Leader of the "Boots by Post" Trade.





The Corner,  
February, 1917

**M**Y DEAR CHUMS,—To-night I have a cosy Corner, a quiet place by a fireside, and am writing this letter to you in the laziest fashion—with a pad on my knee and feet on the fender. And in the pictures that the fire contains I can see you, one after another—imaging you each in so far as my knowledge of you goes. On the floor at my side is a piled-up Letter Box. The sight of it makes me wish that I could have a quiet, comfy chat with you each, just where I am—for the letters in that Box tell so many tales of differing circumstances and interests, joys and sorrows. And we, perhaps, could speak of things in private that we cannot discuss in our Pages.

One Companion tells me of the passing away of a beloved "Daddy"; another writes of anxiety regarding a soldier brother who has been wounded; one of our younger Companions writes that they miss so much from their home a bigger sister who has gone far away to train as a hospital nurse (a third sister is a nurse also, and a Companion!). One other writes of difficulties in work, but is cheerily telling me that soon her salary will be due, her "very first earnings," and that a part of it is coming for our Violet Fund. Another letter comes from a naval lieutenant who is much interested in our League, and sends his coupon; and two of our youngest members send letters that are brimming over with joy in the fascinations of a dear Baby Brother who has

come recently into their home. ("Is he really ours?" asked one of these small sisters—says their mother in a happy note.)

And so I might go on summarising the contents of that Box. But as we cannot have our private chats, you must each try to believe that I send my love to *you*, and remember that I do not think of you "all in a lump," as a companion once suggested, but as individual comrades. And if you can, any of you, "read between the lines" of this and find any special thought of *you* suggested—well, I shall be glad.

Those of us who know how terrible it would be, or has been, to lose a precious father, must send our sympathy to the Companion who has been mentioned. It is almost impossible for any one human being to comfort another at such a time—however much one aches to do it. And so many, many of our homes have been full of shadows during recent months. But do remember, my Chums, if *you* come beneath them, that those you love are every bit as much in God's keeping when they pass from your side as when they were here, visible, and I believe, too, that they are even nearer to us, and more powerful in the higher ways to help us when they have passed out of our sight. And because *they* are nearer to God ought to mean that we are uplifted towards Him, through our striving for a nobler, purer, more beautiful life. So do not think of your dear ones as *lost* to you. But be glad for them that they have gone into a new, more wonderful life—believe that they

## THE QUIVER

are constantly with you; try to carry on for them any of their loving service for others that may be possible, and try constantly to fit yourself to join them beyond that gate which some call Death—it is really the opening into a larger Life.

And those of you who have so many difficulties—well, it's horribly hard to be patient, isn't it, and to quietly go on doing one's duty? I should not like to try anything in the shape of "preaching" to you, because I know how irritating that is, and how it "puts one's back up." But I sympathise and *understand*, and as a comrade I would just say, go quietly on—don't fret over trifles—there are too many *big* possibilities in your life for you to spend strength over what does not really matter. Be brave, do what your best self tells you is right—live up to the highest you know, and you will find that you will grow stronger by the wrestle with the very difficulties which you have overcome.

No "gym," or other exercise—no good physical muscles; no mental exercise—no strong brain power; no spiritual exercise—no spiritual force. That's a law of life. It's very difficult to decide always what is big and what is little. Only experience can cultivate our sense of proportion. Watch, and *think*, think for yourself, and you will learn. • You will gradually see that, as someone has recently said, "You cannot weigh diamonds on hay scales; the indicator would show precisely nothing. And yet one diamond, too fine for these huge scales, might be of more value than thousands of tons of hay." And, as we grow, we see that some of what we thought to be enormously important things are really very small trifles; and some of the things we thought uselessly small and unimportant are really great. *The thing that matters is that we live faithfully up to the Highest we know, and that we grow.*

Some of your letters tell me of small things—as you think them—but which I now know are big. So many little acts of loving service, of denial of self, thought of others. Some of you are finding the ways of the true happiness in thought and service for others. And it is the gift of Imagination and of overwhelming Love that the world needs to-day more than anything. Every boy or girl who definitely makes his or her own the motto that you and I have

unitedly as Companions, is helping to lift the world and to make it better. For this reason I ask you to bring into our League all the recruits you can—that we may help each other by our conscious unity, and so strengthen the influence of all who share our thought. Do not forget—*every one counts.*

And how glad I am of the letters of the joyous ones! I should like every day to receive lots and lots of letters telling of happiness.

All your powers of thought, of love, and of joy-bringing are most urgently important for the future to which we look. All of you, and the other boys and girls of to-day, must grow up in the love of Christ, and so flood the world with His Spirit that the ugly, wrong, and sorrowful thoughts and things of life shall be overwhelmed and driven out. A famous Cambridge professor wrote a letter last autumn to a Swedish clergyman, in which he said this: "I believe and verily trust that our children and our children's children will see a better, a nobler, and a more Christian Europe rising from the ashes of the old." And a Europe of that sort means a nobler, better, more Christian world, of course. And to you, who "are the Future," is given largely the glorious work of bringing that about—through your Christly citizenship. Isn't it a splendid idea to think about?

I am just appreciating your loving service for those wee babies I told you about. At the office there is, I know, a pile of soft, woolly vests waiting me. I shall be writing to each sender my thanks, and telling some of you of the particular little ones to whom your work went. Before I finish this letter I must give you the names of the best workers. But those who do not win prizes will have the delight of knowing that their work is useful and joy-giving.

And now I must tell you about

### The Knitting Competition

First of all I want each one who has contributed to the success of the Competition to accept my affectionate thanks. I can say honestly that the work is much better than that of last year. Evidently some of you have been sock-knitting to advantage. I am glad also that nearly everyone liked the pattern. My own thanks would, I know, were it possible, be backed by those of the mothers and wee bairns who will



THE QUIVER

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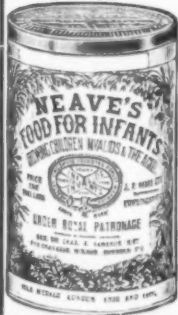
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Packets

A NEAVE'S FOOD  
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Dr. —, L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S. Ed., L.F.P.S. Glas., etc. (Leeds), writes:—"Your Neave's Food is  
suiting our youngest admirably, for which we are very thankful. . . . She was not doing well on  
cow's milk and water alone."—10th September, 1913.

Mrs. Boulton, of 173 Northbrook St., Princes Avenue, Liverpool, writes on 17th April, 1914: "Our little  
girl was awarded first prize out of a huge number of competitors. The ex-  
amination was most rigidly carried out by four eminent physicians, and  
they were unanimous in their decision as to her splendid physique and  
perfect state of health. One of the Judges said she was 'beautifully per-  
fect,' which is a great tribute to the value of Neave's Food as a builder-up  
of healthy babies. She has never had a single day's illness, and has cut her  
teeth without the slightest trouble."



To induce every Mother to try Neave's Food for her  
own Baby, we will send a sample tin free, if 1fd. stamps  
are enclosed for postage. We will also send free a useful  
Booklet, "Hints About Baby." Every Mother ought to  
have this Booklet, and if a sample is not required the  
Booklet alone will be sent free and post free on re-  
ceipt of a post card mentioning "The Quiver."

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Please to mention "The Quiver."



Eta Norah Boulton.

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FRAGRANT  
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**DISINFECTANT**  
DOES NOT STAIN LINEN  
1/3 Bottles Fluid  
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**Diploma**  
Cloth Tops.

Made with Nigger or Navy or Black  
Cloth Tops and Patent Golosh.



**DIPLOMA.**  
Style 28.

**I**F you like the *look* of this smart Diploma Boot, we are quite sure you will be satisfied with its *wear*. It is made by the makers of the Norvic De Luxe Boots and Shoes. Write for the name of the nearest agent and particulars of other styles.

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Think what you could have saved had you known earlier. Moovol contains no poison—no salts of lemon—an i cannot injure any fabric or the skin. A Thimbleful in the rinsing water removes the YELLOW TINGE from fine linen. Send 1/2 for a sample at once.

EDGE'S, BOLTON, LANCs.

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**DELICIOUS COFFEE.**

**RED  
WHITE  
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S PAGES

benefit by your work. As far as possible I shall—by the time you see these printed lines—have written to tell you of the little ones who are wearing the garments you have contributed.

The "Thank you" I have said includes specially the various Companions who followed the delightful plan of sending a fellow vest to the one intended for the Competition, and, too, to various kind people outside our Companionship who so generously sent me gifts.

Very acceptable little garments were received also from Mrs. A. H. Bishop; "An Old Friend," Bertha and Clara Millar's "Auntie"; from M. G. (a delightful thick blue one, which satisfied entirely a mother who had asked me for a thing of which I was quite "out of stock"—a warm jacket to go over her baby's frock); four beauties, which were also particularly opportune, from Mrs. P——; and a number which were sent in anonymously.

I divided the vests into three piles according to the ages of the competitors. The excellent work of the Juniors was pleasantly surprising. Some of these were among the nicest of the many nice ones received.

FLORENCE STOOKE, who is seven years old, receives one prize, for really excellent, clean work. Her sister WINNIE also did good knitting. HILDA M. LAMB wins a second prize—for an even piece of work; and she also is run closely by her sister ELSIE. Their two vests make a good pair, by the way! These prize winners assuredly deserve their success. Special mention also must be given to ETHEL BARKER (very good work), BERTHA and CLARA MILLAR (theirs make a nice pair of woollies for one babe), and M. F. CLARKE.

The Intermediate pile was the largest. The workers were girls of 14 to 16, and I found a number of garments in it that gave me great delight. The work here, too, was admirable, though one sender was dis-

qualified by an alteration in the design. This was a very difficult pile to "judge." One Companion who knitted, but not for competition, wrote: "The only chance I shall ever stand is when the Editor might be judge and not Alison—perhaps the Editor would not see my 'hops, skips and jumps' in knitting." Well, the sternest criticisms of our Editor, I can assure you, were not more severe than mine, as I overhauled the work in this pile, because it was all up to so high a standard. Finally, I give first prize to MARGARET J. DAVIDSON, for an exquisite



The Cottage, Homes for Little Boys, Farningham.  
(This is Philip's home).

piece of work—really without flaw; and a second to NORA SMITH, whose is very nearly as good. DOROTHY ARMSTRONG and ETHEL SKINNER must have special mention.

The Senior pile was the most puzzling to deal with, I found. One curious thing is the nearness in size of all the vests in it. In the others there were all kinds of variation through differences in needles, wool and knitting. Here vests "paired off" easily. I really could not decide which was the better—WINIFRED BAINBRIDGE'S or ISABEL DOBSON'S work; the vests might have been done by the same hands. Therefore they "tie." EDITH PENN, BERTHA HALL, ETHEL EDWARDS, N. COXON, and ISABEL YOUNG also did very good work, and I congratulate all, and thank all once again.

## THE QUIVER

A kind note came to me from a reader in the Isle of Wight with a "little vest," knitted from our pattern. "It is not for competition, as I am too old to be a Companion, but I have been a regular reader of THE QUIVER for a number of years, and thought I would like to make one. I shall be pleased to do another if you will kindly let me know if this is correct." This was a beautifully made little garment, and I was delighted to write to the friend and accept her further gift.

### Notes from Members

OLIVE C. BUDD, with a gift for the Violet Fund, sends a suggestion:

"You could tell us, from time to time, of books to read that might help one to understand the value of our object. I have just been reading the Chivalry Number of THE QUIVER over again. It made me want to do something for somebody right off, and that's what we want to feel—isn't it?—though I think everybody must feel like that almost all the time now."

ISABEL DOBSON was delighted with the pattern given for the Competition.

"You will find enclosed," she continues, "a P.O. for 10s., which is the result of my flower-selling since the middle of August (to end of November), also 8d. in stamps, the gift of Molly Jackson. . . . Father has a rain gauge and he measures the rain every morning, and during October rain fell on 26 days to a depth of 7.31 inches. The average rainfall for October in this district is 4.96 inches."

BERTHA HALL sent in two vests, one for competition. Her kitten had high adventures with her wool and needles during the work, she tells me.

NORA SMITH also followed the very nice plan of making a pair:

"It is the first piece of knitting I have done," she wrote, "but I have enjoyed doing it very much. Mary would like to have knitted a vest, but she is spending her spare time in knitting socks for soldiers."

ISOBEL HENDRY told me that she had been too busy with French verbs and other things to enter the Competition, but she sent me a nice letter.

MARJORIE HEARD describes a Band of Hope she helps in, where the weekly programme seems to be organised most successfully on the lines of a "Primary" S.S. department—which appears to be an excellent arrangement.

It was a pleasure to receive a long letter from our old Companion, MARGARET BEGG, with a L.Y.B. Coupon. She is very pleased with the League.

"It is, of course, a much bigger thing than the Companionship, yet we are still the same happy Companions. I think it is very nice, too, to have Patrons, and they do write such inspiring letters; it did one good to read them." Margaret's holidays gave her "a lovely time in Ayrshire. At Girvan, while we were staying there, mother and I motored to Alloway, and saw Burns' cottage, the place where he was born. It was very interesting. As a souvenir I got a miniature Family Bible of Burns', with a facsimile of his writing in it."

ELSIE WOLFELL says:

"I have just read in THE QUIVER, which my auntie, Mrs. Fair, has sent me to read, all about the League. It was very nice to think Irene and Florence did so well at their garden sale. I was just too late to be at it, or I would have done my very best to help. My mamma also is very interested in the League, and says I must not only be a member by name, but do my best to help the good cause."

MARY FORBES is one of the happy juniors who sends me such welcome letters. She is getting on splendidly at school, and now writes well for her age.

"During our holidays," she says, "mother and Kenny and I spent a short time at a place called —, We enjoyed the stay very much, and saw a number of flying machines, the first we had ever seen. Kenny liked seeing them best of all his holiday."

It is really awfully exciting seeing a flying machine in the air for the first time. How many of you have to say that you have never yet seen one? I watched a small mite of about four, on a bus top one day this summer. We were passing near to a celebrated aerodrome, and two or three pilots were "taking the air." The little girlie became tremendously excited as one went over us, not so very high up, and she jumped up and down on the seat by her mother's side, saying: "O—o—o—, I've sawed an air'plane. I've sawed an air'plane!"

IRENE and FLORENCE FAIR sent me bright, happy, Christmassy letters, with 10s. for our Fund. Irene was "knitting a scarf for a soldier in France." They had been selling some of the post cards of the garden sale such as you saw in our Corner.

ELSIE D. C. GILSON has been working hard for the Fund, and sends me the gift of 14s. 3d.

As I send this chat to press, a long and happy letter reaches me from David. It must "keep" until March, as these Pages are full.

Please send me heaps of letters this month, and believe me—

Your loving and grateful Comrade,

*Phoeb.*

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This is our regular grade, which  
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Bottles ... 3d., 6d., and 10d.

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Highly refined.

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**Perfumed White.**

No. 1 (bottle in carton) ... 1/-  
No. 2 size, handsome bottle in  
carton, with glass stoppers ... 1/6  
White and Quinine Pomade ... 1/-

**Pomade.**

Blue Seal, 3d. and 7d. bottles.  
No. 1 size,  
bottle, in  
carton, 7d.  
No. 2 size,  
bottle, in  
carton, 1/-



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and containing many household hints, post free.*

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in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient for over 40 years has been the standard remedy for constipation, biliousness, impure blood and indigestion. It is pleasant and convenient to take, gentle in action, positive in results. The safest and most dependable digestive regulator.

It is not from what a man swallows, but from what he digests, that the blood is made, and remember that the first act of digestion is, chewing the food thoroughly, and that it is only through doing so that you can reasonably expect a good digestion.

Unsuitable food and eating between meals are a main cause of indigestion, &c., because introducing a fresh mass of food into the mass already partly dissolved arrests the healthy action of the stomach, and causes the food first received to lie until incipient fermentation takes place.

*A Judicious Rule.*—"1st, Restrain your appetite, and get always up from table with a desire to eat more. 2nd, Do not touch anything that does not agree with your stomach, be it most agreeable to the future." These rules have been adopted in principle by all dieticians of eminence, and we recommend their use.

*"A Little at the Right Time, is better than Much and Running Over at the Wrong."*

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